





SCA
12.73

Benson

A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS;
WITH THE MUSIC
OF
MASON'S SACRED HARP
AND MISSOURI HARMONY

ADAPTED.

BY WALTER SCOTT

CARTHAGE, HAMILTON COUNTY, OHIO.

CINCINNATI:

STEREOTYPED BY GLEZEN AND SHEPARD.
1839.

ENTERED according to act of Congress, in the
year of our Lord 1839, by WALTER SCOTT, in
the District Clerk's office, of the District
Court of Ohio.

P R E F A C E .

The Hebrew Scriptures were introduced by the Apostles into all the primitive Christian Churches, and constantly read there. The psalms formed an important division of these Scriptures, and were sung by the Israelitish nation in their temple, at their public festivals, and in their families. These inspired compositions necessarily aroused the devotional feelings of the Jew, because the subject, the sentiment, the imagery and the scenery were in the highest degree adapted to the age, and to the order of things under which he was educated. It should be observed, however, that songs which reached the heart of the Jew and awaked in him the liveliest and most devotional feelings, might wholly fail of these commanding influences over the heart and affections of the Christian. There is nothing of the national, nothing of the hereditary in Christianity ; it is the religion of the world, and of each man in it in particular, not by mere heirship neither, but by a special adoption proceeding on personal and individual persuasion of its authority and divine origin.

It is perhaps owing to this attribute of universality in our religion, and to the arbitrary nature of our feelings, which make no allowance for age or nation, that the Christian religion has come down to us without any fixed psalmody, the author most graciously and most wisely in this affair bringing the system of grace as near as possible to the system of nature, and leaving his disciples with all the things of his salvation in their hands to seek for devotional ecstasy in compositions flowing from each others' hearts, sanctified by the word and Spirit of God : " Speaking to yourselves," says the holy Apostle, " In psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord :"—Eph. 5 and 19.

The praises of the God of Israel during the former economy were entrusted for cultivation to the care of chief men in the tribe of Levi ; and that this delightful ordinance might not sink into contempt, the most eminent individuals in the nation applied themselves to its improvement and perfection. David " set over the service of song in the house of the Lord," the four great Masters of Music, Heman, with his children ; and his brother Asaph with his children,

both Kohathites ; Jeduthan and his children, and his brother with his children—sons of Merari, all four, men of the first rank in the nation of Israel.

When the Holy Spirit styled the Christian Covenant a “new” one, he antiquated the Jewish Covenant, or as Paul says, made it an “old” one: So, when the Spirit of Christ inspired the Christians with “new” psalms and hymns, he antiquated the Jewish psalms and hymns, or made them “old” ones. The old psalms, nevertheless, like the old covenant, are to be devoutly read, and meditated upon by all Christians, both because of their holy lessons, and because they embody many most remarkable prophecies concerning our Saviour.

That the Spirit inspired the brethren with new psalms, hymns and spiritual songs, we learn from Ephes. 5 c. 18, 19 vs.; Col. 3 c. 16 v., and from 1 Cor. 14 c. 15, 26 vs., where every one of them is said to have come to the assembly with “a psalm,” etc. Eusebeus accordingly speaks of “new psalms” as perfectly common among the Brethren. He says that Irenæus, who succeeded Photius in the Bishoprick of Lyons in 174, wrote a book of those hymns called the “Psaltes” or psalms, and he tells us that the method of singing them in the church was this:—A few of the best and sweetest voices began, and the balance of the congregation struck in at the conclusion of the stanzas. But the most ancient specimens of Christian praises which have come down to us from antiquity, are, I believe, the Gregorian Chants, distinguished for their grandeur and devotional feeling. The dismemberment of the Christian profession in these latter times has caused the cultivation of Sacred Music to go into such general disuse that the singing in most Protestant assemblies is utterly unworthy of us.

In our arrangement of the Hymns, we have been governed by very popular and obvious divisions. The book contains, First, hymns for the Church : Second, hymns for the proclamation of the Gospel, and Third, a Miscellany of occasional pieces.

Touching the “Church Department,” it has been the most laborious and difficult to complete. The order which obtains in our assemblies, is as follows, viz:—1st, Prayers for all men. 2d, Reading of the Scriptures. 3d, Teaching and Preaching. 4th, Reception of Members. 5th, The Lord’s Supper. 6th, The Collection of Monies, or The Fellowship ; and 7th, The Dismissal of Brethren. It has been deemed proper to adapt the Church Department with which the book commences, to this order ; and the hymns of which it is composed, are accordingly arranged in distinct groups or services suited to the order of the day. By this it is designed not only to have our praises in good keeping with our other worship, but also to encourage the brethren

ren to cultivate a more intimate and enlarged acquaintance with the whole business of sacred music, and if possible to negative that practice so destructive of all devotional and holy feeling, namely : the endlessly repeated singing of the same hymn to the same tune, at present so common in our assemblies.

Before the brethren stand up to sing the hymn with which the church opens, they usually employ some time in praying and singing. To meet this pious practice, there is prefixed to each service, an Introduction, composed of the finest hymns in the language, and distinguished for beauty, richness, grace, repose, solemnity, dignity, and holiness. The first group or service is in long metre, and is eminent for grandeur and devotional feeling, both in its hymns and music. The second is in common metre; the third in short metre; and although there are given services in other metres also, yet it is not to be denied that the pillar of English Psalmody consists mainly of these three kinds of verse, the long being the base, the common the shaft, and the short the capital, all else being merely ornamental.

The "Gospel Department" is made up of the most enlisting and deeply affecting pieces we could select from twenty books of hymns, and almost as many collections of sacred music. They are arranged under the heads of Faith, Repentance, Baptism, Remission of Sins, The Holy Spirit, and Eternal Life—the elements of the true Gospel: so that in these two departments we have a psalmody adapted to the order of the gospel, and to the order of the Gospel Church.

We have generally named the book in which the Set Pieces in the "Miscellany" may be found; and if, besides the beautiful compositions of which it is chiefly made up, there are found a few plain pieces, be it remembered that we are, or ought to be, a plain people ourselves.

There are some strong reasons why Christians should cultivate Sacred Music.

First,—Music is a Science; that is, it has its foundation in nature; or like all natural science, it has God for its author.

Second,—It is commanded us to sing. The Holy Spirit enjoins on us to "sing and make melody"—a thing which cannot be done aright without some knowledge of music.

Third,—It is the office of a hymn to arouse impassioned devotional feeling, even as it is the office of teaching to illuminate the understanding. Of all the manners and customs in the Kingdom of Christ, therefore, singing most interests the feelings and affections of the heart, and it is due to the aged for their comfort, and still more to the youth for their encouragement and preservation in the Faith that

Sacred Music be cultivated with extraordinary care among us.

The Lutherans have 20,000 hymns, and are the best singers in Christendom ; the Episcopalians are the next. The Presbyterians have about 1,000 hymns, and the Baptists in the East employ the same collection, with the addition merely of a few songs about Baptism, making in all not more than 1,000 hymns : it may be regarded as categorically true, that hymn books are large in the ratio of the people's care for music, and small in proportion as the party neglects the cultivation of this delightful art. Small trifling hymn books, having in them almost the same songs, are innumerable, indicating the culpable negligence of sacred music which every where abounds. We have labored with great assiduity for part of two years that those who have lately professed the original gospel by our labors shall excel in the ordinance of praise, and we have to render all thanks to our Lord the Messiah for what has already been attained in this matter. This we say to encourage others to discharge the same duty and to fix the heart of the youth in God's Kingdom by teaching them to "sing and make melody in their hearts to the Lord ;" for as the command to read cannot be obeyed unless we are first taught to read, even so the command to sing cannot be obeyed unless we are first taught to sing.

That the brethren may not be compelled to rely for music on the scanty resources of their own memory merely, the Music of

M A S O N ' S S A C R E D H A R P ,

has been set to the Hymn Book ; so that to obtain tunes it is only necessary for the brethren to possess themselves of that incomparable work. It is the peculiar felicity of the disciples of Christ to be left free to carry all parts of the Christian worship to perfection in regard to "decency and order." We pray therefore that those for whom this selection is intended, may zealously devote themselves to the cultivation of the praises of God, and so may the Holy Spirit be in them,

WALTER SCOTT.

P. S.—A few old hymns which associate themselves with our earliest and most devout recollections, and which are remarkable for their nervous diction, have been corrected and inserted ; but we could not bear to stereotype weakness or enthusiasm. There must be strength, feeling, and progression of thought in a hymn.

Besides being adapted to the worship of the Christian assembly, this Hymn book is printed with a special reference to the wants of the numerous students of Sacred Music throughout the West.

H Y M N S.

Sabbath 176.

1 7s.

Rutland 174.

Introduction to Service First.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us all a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the blest Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners,—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints:
Thus let all our worship prove,
Till we join thy courts above.

Doxology.

Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky:
Glory to the Lamb be giv'n—
Glory in the highest heav'n.
Wisdom, riches, praise and power,
Be to God for evermore.

Watchman 137. 2 S. M. Silver Street. 128.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to our reviving breasts—
To our rejoicing eyes.

2 Jesus, our Lord, comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see, and hear,
And bless, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where my Redeemer's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure or of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

3

COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the depths unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come worship at his throne;
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

Hallelujah.

Praise you the Lord; hallelujah!
Praise you the Lord; hallelujah!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Praise you the Lord.

- THIS is the day the Lord has made,
 He calls the hours his own :
 Let heaven rejoice and earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in God the father's name
 To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise :
 Hosanna ! let the highest heavens
 Award him nobler praise.

5

- OH ! for a thousand tongues to sing
 Our great Redeemer's praise ;
 The glory of our Lord and King ;
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus ! thy name removes our fears,
 And bids our sorrows cease :
 'Tis music in thy people's ears ;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 Gracious Master ! heavenly Lord !
 Assist us to proclaim,
 And spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.

Hosanna.

- Hosanna to the Lord be given
 In loudest, noblest strains !
 Hosanna in the highest heavens !
 The great Redeemer reigns.

SWEET is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care shall seize our breast ;
 Oh may our hearts in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

2 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works—and praise his word;
 His works of grace—how bright they shine!
 How deep his counsels—how divine!

3 Sure we shall share a glorious part,
 When grace has well refined our heart,
 When fresh supplies of joy he sheds
 Like holy oil upon our heads.

4 Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
 All we desired, or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

7

COME, gracious Lord, and bless the day;
 O bear our thoughts from earth away :
 Now let our noblest feelings rise
 With ardor to their native skies.

2 O may thy spirit, all divine,
 With sweetest influence in us shine;
 O let our waiting souls be blest,
 On this thy day of sacred rest.

3 In holy duties let the day—
 In holy pleasures pass away :
 How sweet this day of rest to spend
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

4 Then, when our labors here are o'er,
 And we have reached that happy shore,
 With all the ransomed we'll employ
 Our noblest powers in mightiest joy.

Hallelujah.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him ye saints, who owe him most ;
 Praise him all you heavenly host.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,
 Here his saints securely meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the fount of glory streaming,
 Life eternal through us rolls;
 Mercy from his presence beaming
 Peace and pardon on our souls.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind—
 Every kindred, tongue and nation
 From the guilt of sin refined.
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

9

GRACIOUS Lord, this morn we'll praise
 thee,

For the bliss thy love bestows:
 For the pardoning grace that saves us,
 And the peace which from it flows.
 Help, O Lord our weak endeavour;
 These poor hearts to rapture raise,
 So that hence we may for ever
 Render to thee equal praise.

2 Praise this day to God who sought us,
 Wretched wanderers far astray;
 Found us lost and kindly brought us
 From the paths of sin away.
 Praise him with devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw our guilty fear,
 And the light of life revealing,
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Hallelujah.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

- NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
 You who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
 Banish all your guilty fears;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 3 You alas! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 4 He subdued th' infernal powers—
 Those tremendous foes of ours:
 From their cursed empire drove—
 Mighty in redeeming love.
- 5 Hither, then, your music bring,
 Strike aloud each cheerful string;
 Mortals join the hosts above—
 Join to sing redeeming love.

11

- 'TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys shall be
 Lasting as eternity:
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

12

- CHILDREN of the heavenly king,
 As you journey sweetly sing:
 Sing the Saviour's highest praise—
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Lord, submissive would we go,
 Gladly leaving all below,
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

Smyrna.

13

8s. and 7s.

Kendall 189

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!

He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:

On the rock of ages founded,

What can shake thy sure repose?

With salvation's walls surrounded,

Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,

Springing from eternal love,

Well supply thy sons and daughters,

And all fear of drought remove.

Who can faint while such a river

Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;

Grace which like the Lord the giver

Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring

See the cloud and fire appear,

For a glory and a cov'ring,

Showing that the Lord is near;

Thus deriving from their banner,

Light by night and shade by day;

Safe they feed upon the manna

Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,

Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!

Jesus, whom their souls rely on,

Makes them kings and priests to God.

'Tis his love his people raises

With himself to reign as kings;

And as priests, his solemn praises

Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, since of Zion's city

I through grace a member am;

Let the world deride or pity,

I will glory in thy name.

Fading is the worlding's treasure,

All his boasted pomp and show!

Solid joys and lasting pleasure

None but Zion's children know.

AWAKE and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb!
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
 2 Sing of his dying love;
 Sing of his rising power,
 Sing how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.
 3 Sing on your heavenly way—
 You ransom'd children sing—
 Sing on rejoicing every day
 In Christ our glorious King.
 4 Soon shall you hear him say—
 "You blessed children come:"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his pilgrims home.

15

THIS is the glorious day,
 That our Redeemer made,
 Let us rejoice, and sing and pray—
 Let all the church be glad.
 2 See what a living stone,
 The builders did refuse;
 Yet God has built his church upon,
 In spite of angry Jews.
 3 The work, O Lord, is thine
 And wondrous in our eyes;
 This day declares it all divine,
 This day did Jesus rise.
 4 Hosanna to the king
 Of David's royal blood:
 Hosanna! lo! he comes to bring
 Salvation from our God.

Hallelujah.

To God the Father sing
 Hallelujah praise:
 To Christ, our great and gracious King,
 Your loudest anthems raise!

Denmark 290. 16 L. M. Old Hundred 41.

Church Service. No. 1.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 You nations bow with sacred joy:
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power without our aid
 Made us of clay and formed us men;
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
 When rolling years have ceased to move.

17

BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word:
 With God he was—the Word was God,
 And shall divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made,
 By him supported all things stand:
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo! he leaves his Father's throne,
 Descends to earth the prince of peace;
 When in his form the Godhead shone,
 How full of peace! how full of grace!

Doxology 259.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
 Praise him all creatures here below:
 Praise you the Son, exalt his name:
 Praise you our God—Praise you the Lamb.

Before Prayers for all men.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And view the desolations round;
 See what wide realms in darkness lie!
 What scenes of wo and crime abound!
 2 Let Zion's time of favor come;
 O bring the tribes of Israel home:
 Soon may our wandering eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

19

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run:
 His Kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moon shall wax and wane no more.
 2 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King,
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

20

Before the Reading of the Scriptures.

ALL nature sings thy boundless love,
 In worlds below and worlds above:
 But in thy blessed word we trace,
 Diviner wonders of thy grace.
 2 Here Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
 And gives our laboring conscience peace:
 May distant climes his name adore,
 Till time and nature are no more.

21

WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
 A fiery pillar went before;
 To guide them through the dreary waste,
 And lessen the fatigues they bore.
 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
 'Tis for our light and guidance given;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and heaven.

Windham 53. 22 L. M. Leyden 45. Shoel 57.

Before or after Teaching.

'T WAS Jesus' last and great command,
Go preach the word in every land:
To all be my salvation shown,
To every creature make it known.

2 This is the word of truth and love
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah thus resolves to show
What his abounding grace can do.

23

ETERNAL God, Almighty cause,
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to thy laws
All things depend on thee alone. [lands,

2 Spread thy great name through heathen
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign as thou art God alone.

24

At the Reception of a Member.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Yes, Come in Jesus' blessed name:
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known:
We'll share each others' hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive the hand of broth'rly love:
O may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

Before the Lord's Supper.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord:
 Behold the rising billows roll,
 To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
 Have made the curse a blessing prove:
 The dreadful sufferings of thy Son
 Atoned for crimes which we had done.

3 O for his sake our crimes forgive,
 And let thy waiting people live:
 Thee we invoke in his great name,
 Let not our hope be put to shame.

26

'T WAS on that dark and doleful night
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against God's son, his chief delight,
 And he betray'd was to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread and bless'd and broke:
 What love through all his actions ran!
 What wond'rous words of grace he spokel

3 "This is my body broke for sin,
 Receive and eat the living food."
 Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this, he said, till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying friend:
 Meet at my table and record
 The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy love we celebrate,
 We praise thy grace, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.
 Till thou return and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

After the Supper.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
 By faith and love in every breast;
 That we may know, and taste, and feel,
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Oh fill our hearts with inward strength:
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
 Of thy immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
 More than our thoughts and wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done
 By all the Church through Christ his son.

28

FROM all who dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till sun shall rise and set no more.

29

HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
 O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
 Fain would our best affections meet
 The glories of thy presence here.

2 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
 How blest, divinely blest, is he,
 Who trusts thy love and seeks thy face
 And fixes all his hopes on thee!

Hallelujah.

Join all on earth, in heaven above,
 In honor, blessing, glory, love!
 Sing praises to the great I Am!
 Sing praises to the spotless Lamb!

Before the Fellowship.

THE Lord who rules the world's affairs,
 For me a well spread board prepares:
 Now shall my grateful sacrifice
 Before his throne like incense rise.

2 Shall I forbear to give his poor
 A tithe of all my bounteous store?
 As I have found a friend in thee,
 Thus shall they find a friend in me.

30

THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
 And every blessing earth affords:
 All come from his propitious hand,
 And must return at his command.

2 Oh then! shall I refuse to give
 What he is willing to receive;
 To aid a cause my soul approves—
 A cause that every angel loves?

3 Forbid it, Lord; my heart incline,
 To render to thee what is thine,
 To give as thou hast prosper'd me,
 'Tis thus I serve and honor thee.

31

At the Dismissal of a Brother.

THERE is a realm, so bright so fair—
 A happy home where seraphs dwell—
 A land of peace—beyond compare!
 Its loveliness no tongue can tell.

2 It is a home of joy and peace;
 Where pain and parting are unknown—
 Where happiness shall never cease,
 And sin and sorrow never come.

3 Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
 Finish the course thou hast begun,
 Even thy Saviour ran the race,
 And everlasting glory won.

Conclusion.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led—
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay—
 "Lift up your heads, you heavenly gates,
 You everlasting doors give way."

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene,
 He claims those mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the king of glory? Who?
 The Lord who all his foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay—
 "Lift up your heads you heav'nly gates,
 You everlasting doors give way."

6 Who is the king of glory? Who?
 The Lord of boundless might possess'd,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all forever bless'd.

33

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All thou hast seen amiss forgive,
 And let us in thy favor live.

2 Our parting vows we gladly pay,
 For ev'ry mercy of the day:
 Oh grant each waiting soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.
 Oh grant each waiting soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

End of Service first.

Church Service. No. 2. Introduction.

CHIRST the Lord is risen to-day!
 Sons of men and angels say,
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, you heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done—
 Fought the fight—the battle won —
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise:
 Christ has open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save;
 Where 's thy vict'ry, boasting grave.

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like him, like him we rise—
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

6 What though once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents' fall,
 Second life we now receive,
 In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heaven,
 Praise to thee by both be given!
 Thee we greet triumphant now;
 Hail the Resurrection thou!

Adoration.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
 Be thy glorious name adored:
 Lord, thy mercies never fail:
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

COME, all you saints of God,
 Wide through the earth abroad,
 Spread Jesus' fame:
 Tell what his love has done;
 Trust in his name alone;
 Shout to his lofty throne
 "Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence gloomy doubts and fears,
 Dry up your mournful tears;
 Swell the glad theme:
 Praise you our gracious King;
 Strike each melodious string;
 Join heart and voice to sing
 "Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
 Fill'd with the Saviour's love.
 Dwell on his name:
 There too may we be found
 With light and glory crown'd;
 While all the heavens resound
 "Worthy the Lamb."

36

GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise you his name:"
 Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore:
 Sing we forever more,
 "Worthy the Lamb,"

2 Soon shall we change this place,
 Yet will we never cease,
 "Praising his name:"
 Still will we tribute bring:
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And through all ages sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb."

Winthrop 186. 37 8s. and 7s. Westboro' 186.

- DARK and thorny is the desert,
 Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
 But beyond this vale of sorrow,
 Lie the realms of endless day.
 Dear young soldiers, do not murmur
 At the troubles of the way;
 Meet the tempest—fight with courage;
 Never faint but often pray.
- 2 He whose thunder shakes creation;
 He that bids the planets roll;
 He that rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole—
 Jesus, Jesus, will defend you;
 Trust in him and him alone;
 He has shed his blood to save you,
 And will bring you to his throne.
- 3 There on flow'ry fields of pleasure,
 And the hills of endless rest,
 Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast:
 There ten thousand flaming seraphs,
 Fly across the heavenly plain;
 There they sing immortal praises—
 Glory, glory, is their theme.
- 4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
 Makes the crystal arches ring,
 And a song is heard in Zion,
 Which the angels cannot sing:
 Who can paint those sons of glory,
 Ransom'd souls that dwell on high,
 Who, with golden harps, for ever
 Sound redemption through the sky.
- 5 See the heavenly host in rapture
 Gazing on these shining bands;
 Wond'ring at their costly garments,
 And the laurels in their hands;

There, upon the golden pavement,
 See the ransom'd march along!
 While the splendid courts of glory
 Sweetly echo with their song!

5 Here I see the under shepherds,
 And the flocks they fed below;
 Here with joy, they dwell together,
 Jesus is their shepherd now.
 Hail! you happy, happy spirits!
 Welcome to the blissful plain—
 Glory, honor, and salvation;
 Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

38

HAIL thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 Thou from sin and fear releas'd us,
 Make us find our rest in thee.
 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all thy saints, thou art;
 Long desired of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.
 3 Born, thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, yet Christ the King,
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy gracious Kingdom bring.
 4 By thy word and blessed spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.
 5 Now we wait for thy appearing,
 From the realms of bliss above,
 With thy word each other cheering,
 Save us, Prince of peace and love.

Doxology.

Mighty God, Eternal Father,
 Now we glorify thy name:
 Lord of all created nature,
 Thou art every creature's theme.

4 *Hallelujah, &c.*

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrims through this barren land;
 We are weak, but thou art mighty:
 Hold us by thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed us thus forevermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through:
 Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside:
 Bear us through the swelling current;
 Land us safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 We will ever give to thee.

40

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
 Oh that we this day may hear!
 Here with meekness—
 Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee,
 Cheered by hope and daily strengthen'd,
 We would run, nor weary be,
 Till thy glory
 Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
 All thy people shall adore;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before;
 Full enjoyment—
 Holy bliss forevermore.

Thanksgiving 264. 41 10s. 11s. Osborne. Lyons 219.

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad
voice,

His praise in the great assembly to sing ;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore ;
In loud swelling strains his praises express.
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve and his children to
bless.

3 With glory adorned his people shall sing,
To God, who defence and plenty supplies ;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great
King,
Through earth shall be sounded and reach
to the skies.

4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes now publish his praise :
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your
tongues,
Would join in your numbers and chant to
your lays.

42

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-
fright,

Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn, or store-house are
fed ;

From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-
ni'd,

So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by the tempest be
lost

On perilous deeps but need not be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For, though we are strangers, we have a good
guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will pro-
vide.

5 No strength of our own, or goodness we
claim;
But since we have known the Saviour's great
name.

In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will pro-
vide.

Lyons.

43

Hinton.

O JESUS! the giver of all we enjoy!
Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ;
With praises unceasing, we'll sing of thy
name,
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll pro-
claim.

2 With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
When cold as December, in darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
And witnessed salvation to flow from the
skies.

3 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and
King ;

With sweet exultation his goodness we prove
His name is salvation, his nature is love.

4 We now are enlisted in Jesus' bless'd cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes ;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.

5 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through
the skies ;
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, the honor, and praise.

6 In this bless'd employment our spirits shall
rest ;
In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast ;
We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's
love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

44

SALVATION to God, Almighty to save !
For still he is nigh—his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumphs shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

2 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power and wisdom and might ;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

PRAISE the Lord who dwells above,
 And keeps his courts below ;
Praise him for his boundless love,
 And all his greatness show.

2 **Praise** him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let heaven and earth adore.

3 **Praise** him, every tuneful string,
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the power of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

46

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
 Great David's greater son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression ;
 To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 **He** shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

3 **For** him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
 That name to us is—Love.

St. Martins 101. 46 C. M. Mear 98.

Service No. 2.

GREAT is the Lord—his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Oh let the assembl'd saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food,
And ever mindful of his word
He makes his promise good.

3 Thy Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal thy covenant sure ;
Holy and rev'rend is thy name ;
Thy ways are just and pure.

4 Great is the Lord—his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Oh let the assembl'd saints unite
In harmony their tongues.

47

OH praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord,
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 For this our joy and triumph is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing,
And with loud songs to bless the name
Of our most glorious King.

48

HOSANNA to the prince of life,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Bright angels strike your loudest strings ;
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let Heaven and all created things
Shout our Immanuel's praise.

Harp 268. 49 C. M. Devizes 110. Meriden.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!

'Tis pleasure to our ears:

A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At death's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 O happy period—glorious day,
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise.

50

After prayers for all men.

FATHER, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son?
That through the nations of the earth,
The word of life shall run?

2 From east to west, from north to south,
Be then his name adored:
Let earth with all her millions shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

51

OH when shall the glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

2 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
A temple to thy praise.

After Reading the Scriptures.

- HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way:
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

53

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page
 Majestic as the sun!

It gives a light to every age—
 It gives, but borrows none.

2 What everlasting thanks are due
 For such a bright display!

Till glory breaks upon our view,
 In everlasting day.

1st Chorus.

Through all eternity to thee,

A joyful song we'll raise;

For O, eternity's too short,

To utter all thy praise.

2d Chorus.

Let God our Father and the Son

Forever be adored;

Where there are works to make them known,

Or saints to love the Lord.

3d Chorus.

To God the Father and the Son,

Whom all the saints adore,

Be everlasting honors done,

Henceforth, forevermore.

Before, or After Teaching.

GREAT God, the hearing ear impart,
And give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on each heart,
And make us feel thy grace.

2 To him who speaks the word this day,
May eloquence be given;
May sinners learn to seek the way,
And saints prepare for heaven.

55

LORD, we confess our numerous faults;
How great our guilt has been!
Thy grace has turned us from the thought
Of folly, shame and sin.

2 Raised from the dead we live anew,
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

3 Till then, O may our lives abound,
In righteousness and peace:
May all in wisdom's ways be found,
And rage and passion cease.

56

LET sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in Thee;
Heaven shall record thy deeds of love,
And all the earth shall see.

2 Bid now Apollo's pleasing tongue,
Or Paul's, with strains profound,
Diffuse among this list'ning throng
The gospel's joyful sound.

Doxology.

To God the Father, and the Son,
Our grateful songs we'll raise:
And through the Holy Spirit's power,
Extol in matchless lays.

At the Reception of a Member.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
 When those who love the Lord,
 With one another thus unite,
 And so fulfil the word !

2 O may we feel our brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part :
 May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn and pride,
 Our wishes fix above ;
 May each his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, 'in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow ;
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In ev'ry action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy world above :
 And he's an heir of heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

Festal Verse.

How do our hearts rejoice to hear
 Our friends devoutly say,
 "In Zion let us all appear
 And keep the Festal Day !"

Benediction.

Now may the grace of Christ, our Lord,
 The Father's boundless love ;
 Abide with all who love the word,
 Until we meet above.

Doxology.

Glory be to God the Father !
 Glory to his glorious Son !
 By the Holy Spirit's favor
 Glory for the deeds he's done.

The Supper.

NOW let the saints rejoice to sing,
 Of Christ their risen Lord—
 Of Christ the everlasting King—
 The Great—the Incarnate Word.

2 Hail mighty Saviour, thee we hail !
 High on thy throne above,
 Till time, and flesh and heart shall fail,
 We'll sing thy matchless love.

59

COME, let us join with sweet accord
 In hymns around the throne :
 This is the day our rising Lord
 Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day that God hath blest—
 The sweetest of the seven ;
 Oh may we reach the heavenly rest,
 And see his face in heaven.

60

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board :
 Not Paradise with all its joys,
 Could such delights afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given ;
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
 To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Millions of souls in glory now ;
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
 Let saints partake the same :
 Come take your places at the feast,
 And bless the founder's name.

"SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
Break in upon my soul :

I sink and sorrows o'er my head,
Like mighty waters roll.

2 I cry till all my voice is gone,
In tears I waste the day :
My God, behold my longing eyes,
And shorten thy delay.

3 They hate my soul without a cause,
And still their number grows
More than the hairs around my head,
And mighty are my foes."

4 Thus in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns :
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
Or gives us joy by turns.

5 Now shall his saints rejoice and find
Salvation in his name ;
For he has borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain and shame.

62

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doomed to die ;
Publish the bliss the world around ;
You seraphs shout it from the sky.

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
'Tis full out-measuring ev'ry crime ;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 For this stupendous love of Heav'n,
What grateful honors shall we show !
Where much transgression is forgiv'n
Let love in equal ardor glow.
By this inspired, let all our days
With gospel holiness be crown'd ;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

The Fellowship or Contribution.

JESUS, O Lord, how rich thy grace!

Thy bounty how complete!

How shall we count the matchless sum?

How pay the mighty debt? it?

2 Lord, thou hast brethren here below,

Partakers of thy grace;

And wilt confess their humble names,

Before thy Father's face.

3 In them thou mayest be clothed and fed,

And visited and cheer'd;

And in their accents of distress,

Thy needful voice is heard.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love,

We in thy poor would see:

As thou bestow'st our daily bread—

We share it thus with thee.

64

BRIGHT source of everlasting love,

To thee our gifts we bring:

Thou art the great Redeemer, Lord,

The universal King.

2 What shall we render, bounteous Prince,

For all the good we see;

Alas! the pittance we can give

Extendeth not to thee.

3 The widow's heart shall sing for joy:

The orphan shall be glad;

And hungering souls shall come to find

In thee, the living bread.

Hallelujah.

Praise Christ the Lord, you men of state;

Praise him, you humble poor:

Praise him who makes the generous great,

And gives the liberal more.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
 From death and sin set free—
 May ev'ry under shepherd keep
 His eye intent on thee.

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
 To publish thy good will ;
 And every good with them we'll share,
 And thus thy law fulfil.

3 In flame their souls with holy zeal,
 Their flocks to teach and feed,
 And may these cherished flocks in turn
 Supply their every need.

66

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take the alarm they give ;
 Yes, let them from the word of God,
 Their maxims all receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
 The pastor's care demands ;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 It fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 You watch for souls for which the Lord
 Did heavenly bliss forego ;
 For souls which must forever live
 In raptures or in wo.

4 Then let the welfare of thy flock,
 Thy care and gladness be :
 And be assured, O man of God,
 Thy flock will care for thee.

Parting Hymn.

LORD! when together here we meet
 And taste thy heav'nly grace,
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet
 We're loath to leave the place.
 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
 That we must part again,
 O let thy gracious presence still
 With every soul remain.
 3 O may we all in Christ be one,
 Bound with the cords of love,
 Till we, around thy glorious throne,
 Shall joyous meet above.
 4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart
 Shall then forever fly,
 And not one thought that we shall part,
 Once intercept our joy.
 5 There, void of all distracting pains,
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
 But in seraphic, heavenly strains,
 Redeeming love admire.

68

SING, you redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliverer sing:
 Pilgrims for Zion's City bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
 2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
 Through all the blissful road:
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your gracious God.
 3 The palms of everlasting joy
 Shall bloom on ev'ry head,
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows, all are fled.
 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
 Pursue his footsteps still;
 And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
 While laboring up the hill.

Closing Hymn.

COME you that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

4 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

Doxology.

To God, the Father, here we vow,
And Christ whom we adore;
The glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Hosanna.

Hosannas to our conquering King
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs he has won.

Hallelujah.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise the Mighty Lord,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise the Mighty Word.

Wilmot 172. 70 7s. Aufield 171, Turin 170.

Church Service No. 3.—Introduction.

HEAVENLY Father, Sovereign Lord,

Be thy glorious name adored !

Lord, thy mercies never fail ;

Hail celestial goodness, hail !

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,

Deign our humble songs to hear ;

Purer praise we hope to bring,

When around thy throne we sing.

3 There with angels' harps again,

We will make a nobler strain ;

There in joyful songs of praise,

Our triumphant voices raise.

71

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet !

When the church together meet,

When the Saviour is the theme,

When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,

Such as did the Father move :

He beheld the world undone,

Loved us still and gave his son.

3 Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,

When the church together meet :

When the Saviour is the theme,

When they join to sing of him.

72

SON of God, thy blessing grant,

Still supply our every want ;

Tree of life thine influence shed,

With thy fruit our spirits feed.

2 All our hopes on thee depend ;

Love us, save us to the end ;

Grant us thy supporting grace,

Take the everlasting praise.

OUR faith looks up to thee—

Thou Lamb of Calvary :

Saviour divine !

Now hear us when we pray

Take all our guilt away ;

O let us, from this day,

Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart

Strength to our fainting heart :

Our zeal inspire :

As none more blest than we,

Oh may our love to thee,

Pure, warm, and changeless be—

A burning fire.

3 While life's dark maze we tread,

And griefs around us spread,

Be thou our guide :

Bid darkness turn to day,

Wipe sorrow's tears away.

Nor let us ever stray,

From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,

When death's cold sullen stream,

Shall o'er us roll :

Blest Saviour, then in love,

Fear and distress remove,

Oh bear us safe above.

Ransomed souls.

Adoration.

Holy, Almighty King,

Help us thy name to sing ;

Help us to praise !

Holy and glorious,

Great and Victorious,

Ever reign over us,

Ancient of days.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
 In sweet communion kindred minds!
 How glad the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
 are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
 What tender love! what holy fear!
 How does the generous flame within
 Refine from earth and cleans from sin!
 3 Nor shall the glorious flame expire,
 When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 And celebrate their Saviour's love.

75

GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
 Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
 His mercy ages past have known,
 And ages long to come shall own.
 2 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
 He guides our footsteps in the way,
 And guards us with a powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly land.
 3 Oh let the saints with joy record,
 The truth and goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise!

76

THINE earthly rests, O Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.
 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor death shall reach the place,
 No groan shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

- THIS day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
- 2 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.
- 3 Hosanna in the highest strains,
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heavens in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

78

- WITH reverence let the saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord:
 His high commands with reverence hear,
 And tremble at his word.
- 2 Great God, how high thy glories rise!
 How bright thine armies shine,
 Where is the power with thee that vies,
 Or truth compared with thine.
- 3 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wond'rous is thy grace!
 While truth and mercy joined in one,
 Invite us near thy face.

79

- THOU dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Are saved to sin no more.
- 2 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave—
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.

- GREAT** is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great;
 He makes the churches his abode
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 In Zion, God is known
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright has his salvation shone!
 How fair his heavenly grace.
- 3 Your harps, you trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take:
 Loud to the praise of love divine,
 Bid every string awake.
- 4 The Lord in Zion reigns,
 Let earth his praise proclaim,
 And celebrate in loudest strains,
 His great and holy name.

81

- ISRAEL** the desert trod,
 Sustain'd by pow'r divine,
 While wond'rous mercy mark'd the road
 With many a mystic sign.
- 2 When Moses gave the stroke,
 From Horeb's flinty side
 Issu'd a river, and the rock
 The Hebrew's thirst suppli'd.
- 3 But O! what nobler themes
 Does gospel grace afford;
 From Calv'ry spring superior streams—
 There hung the smitten Lord!
- 4 Of ev'ry hope bereft,
 Sinners, to Jesus go;
 Behold the Rock of Ages cleft,
 And living currents flow.
- 5 Here may our spirits bathe,
 Here may our joys abound,
 Till, pass'd the wilderness and death,
 We tread celestial ground!

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
 Demands the soul's collected powers;
 With joy we now to thee resign
 The solemn consecrated hours.
 Oh may our souls adoring own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 All-seeing God, thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore;
 May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
 And where thou art intrude no more.
 Thy spirit's gracious aid impart,
 Exalt our souls and fix our heart.

3 Oh bid thy grace our spirits move,
 Oh bid thy word of life divine,
 Engage the ear—excite our love,
 And all this holy day be thine:
 Our souls shall then adoring own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

83

AWAKE our souls—away our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
 Awake and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint,
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From him—the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a full supply,
 While those who trust their native strength,
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

Rapture 154.

84 C. P. M.

TO him who did salvation bring,
 Wake ev'ry tuneful power and sing
 A song of sweetest praise ;
 His grace diffuses as the rains,
 Crowns nature's flow'ry hills and plains
 And spreads a thousand ways.

2 Salvation is the noblest song,
 O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue,
 And all repeat Amen !
 The Lord will come from heav'n to earth,
 And give his people second birth,
 And make them one again.

3 By faith we view him coming down,
 With angels hov'ring all around ;
 He smiles upon his saints :
 He cries aloud in melting strains ;
 I come to save you from your pains,
 And end your sore complaints.

4 The smiling millions rise and sing
 "All glory ! glory to our King !
 The grand Assize is come :
 You everlasting doors fly wide,
 The church is glorious as a bride,
 And Jesus takes her home."

5 In all the heav'ns there's not a tear,
 Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
 But pleasures yet unknown :
 From heav'n to heav'n we sound the bliss,
 O what a glorious heav'n is this,
 Forever round the throne !

6 The joys of heav'n will never end ;
 All glory to the sinner's friend !
 Roll on you happy scenes :
 You winged seraphs help us praise
 The Author of eternal joys,
 Our Jesus ever reigns.

COME let us anew—

Our worship pursue—

Roll round with the year,

And never stand still till the master appear:

His adorable will

Let us gladly fulfil,

And our talents improve,

By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream,

Our time as a stream

Glides swiftly away!

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown,

The moment is gone,

The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh that each this blest day,

While he worships, may say,

"I will fight my way through,

I will finish the work he has giv'n me to do:"

Oh that each from his Lord,

May receive the glad word,

"Well and faithfully done"—

"Enter into my joys and sit down on my throne."

86

THEE, Father, we praise

In harmonious lays,

For all thy rich grace,

[peace:

Who gave us the knowledge of pardon and

On thee we rely,

All our wants to supply:

O keep us each hour

[power.

From snares and temptations by might and by

2 O may we improve

In knowledge and love

Of Jesus our King,

Till to glory we're brought, his praises to sing.
 While below, if we stray
 From the source of true joy,
 Let thy merciful hand
 Restore and incline us to keep thy command.

Whitley 214.

87 10s.

HAIL happy day, thou day of sacred rest,
 What heavenly peace and transport fill our
 breast ;

When Christ the Lord of life in love descends,
 And kindly holds communion with his friends
 2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
 Move from our sight and leave our souls alone;
 Its flattering, fading glories we despise,
 And to immortal beauties turn our eyes

Savannah.

88 10s.

Wilbraham 215.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
 Which, when the Saviour rose, Jehovah blest;
 When like his own, he bade our labors cease,
 And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
 To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
 So shall he hear when fervently we raise
 Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes
 confide, [guide,
 Whose power defends us and whose precepts
 In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
 Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

89 10s and 11s.

Lyons.

YOU servants of God, your master proclaim,
 And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
 The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,
 His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.

2 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud and honor the Son ;
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces and worship the
 Lamb.

SONGS of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captiv'ed captivity.

2 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

91 7s. and 6s.

IN dust we're doom'd to sleep,
But shall not sleep forever;
Fear may for a moment weep,
Christian courage never.

2 Years in rapid course shall roll,
By time's chariot driven,
And my re-awakened soul,
Wing its flight to heaven.

3 What though o'er my mortal tomb,
Clouds and mist be blending;
Sweetest hope shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending.

4 There shall be my stay and trust,
Ever bright and vernal,—
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

- THE angels that watch'd round the tomb,
 Where, lo! the Redeemer was laid;
 When deep in mortality's gloom
 He hid for a season his head;
 2 That veil'd their fair face while he slept,
 And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,
 Have witness'd his rising, and swept
 The chords with the triumphs of joy.
 3 You saints who once languish'd below,
 But long since have enter'd your rest,
 I pant to be glorify'd too,
 To lean on Immanuel's breast!
 4 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
 Has bury'd my guilt and my fears;
 And while I contemplate its shade,
 The light of his presence appears.
 5 O sweet is the season of rest,
 When life's weary journey is done!
 The blush that spreads over its west,
 The last ling'ring ray of its sun!
 6 Though dreary the empire of night,
 I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
 And see immortality's light
 Arise on the shades of the tomb.
 7 Then welcome the last rending sighs
 When these aching heart-strings shall break;
 When death shall extinguish these eyes,
 And moisten with dew the pale cheek.
 8 No terror the prospect begets,
 I am not mortality's slave,
 The sunbeam of life as it sets
 Leaves a halo of peace on the grave,

Chorus.

Thou, Shepherd of Israel, art mine,
 The joy and delight of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine;
 I long to reside where thou art.

BEHOLD, the bright morning appears ;
 And Jesus revives from the grave !
 His rising removes all our fears,
 And shows him almighty to save.

2 How strong were his tears and his cries !
 The worth of his blood how divine !
 How perfect is his sacrifice,
 Who rose though he suffer'd for sin !

3 The man that was crowned with thorns,
 The man that on Calvary died ;
 The man that bore scourging and scorns,
 Whom sinners agreed to deride.

4 Now blessed forever is made,
 And life has rewarded his pain,
 Now glory has crowned his head ;
 Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was slain.

5 Believing we share in his joy ;
 By faith we partake in his rest ;
 With him we can cheerfully die,
 For with him we hope to be bless'd.

6 We wait for his coming again,
 To raise us in glory like him,
 This glory his saints shall obtain,
 His foes shall be clothed with shame.

94 8s.

MY gracious Redeemer I love !
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above
 To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel him incessantly shine,
 My boundless ineffable joy.

3 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
 My joy everlastingly flows—
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

HOW firm a foundation, you saints of the
Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor
shall be.

3 "Fear not, I am with you: O be not dismay'd!
I, I am your God and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I cause
you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow:
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials your pathway
shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be your supply:
The flames shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume and your gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age all my people shall
prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn, [borne.

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

7 "The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes:
That soul though all hell should endeavor to
shake,

I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.'

COME you that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song of sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from this place !
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.
 2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God :
 But children of the heav'nly King,
 May speak their joys abroad.
 The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky
 And calms the roaring seas ;
 3 This mighty God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love ;
 He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
 To carry us above.
 There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
 4 Yes, and before we rise,
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Shall constant joys create.
 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
 5 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly-fields,
 Or walk the golden streets :
 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 We're marching through this barren ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

- RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
 Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love
 His Chief Belov'd chose,
 And bade him raise our wretched race
 From this abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror clothes his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 He shows his Father's love,
 To raise our souls on high.
 He came with pardon from above,
 For rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, children, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
 Yours is the sceptre of his love,
 And yours the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we accept thy call,
 And lay an humble claim,
 To the salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy name.

98

After Prayers for all men.

- GREAT heir of David's throne !
 Thy royal power assume ;
 Come, reign the spacious world around,
 Thou blest Redeemer come.
- 2 Set up thy throne of grace,
 In every heathen land :
 In righteousness, and truth, and peace,
 Throughout the world command.
- 3 Be thou exalted, Lord,
 Thy full salvation bring :
 Let all the people hear the word,
 And own thee for their King.

LET living waters flow
 To cheer the humble soul,
 From sea to sea let heralds go,
 And spread from pole to pole.
 2 Let righteousness now spring;
 And grow on earth again :
 Jesus, Jehovah, be our King,
 And o'er the nations reign.
 3 Jesus shall rule alone,
 The world shall hear his word ;
 By one blest name shall he be known,
 The universal Lord.

100

RISE, gracious God, and shine
 In all thy saving might ;
 Now prosper every good design,
 To spread thy glorious light.
 2 O bring the nations near,
 That they may sing thy praise ;
 Thy word let all the heathen hear,
 And learn thy holy ways .
 3 Send forth thy glorious power !
 All nations then will see ;
 And earth present her grateful store
 In converts born to thee.

101

For the Reading of the Scriptures.

BEHOLD, the morning sun,
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
 2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light,
 It rouses sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
 3 Our gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given !
 Oh ! may we never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven.

OH let thy word of grace,
 Our warmest thoughts employ ;
 Be this through all our following days,
 Our treasure and our joy .
 2 To what thy law imparts,
 Be our whole souls inclined ;
 Come, Saviour, dwell within our hearts,
 And sanctify our minds.

Harp 262.

103

Teaching.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill !
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of grace reveal .
 2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet their tidings are !
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
 He reigns and triumphs here."
 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear the joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !
 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see the heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight .
 5 You watchmen join your voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem break forth in songs,
 Ye deserts learn the joy .
 6 O Lord, make bare thy arm,
 Through all the earth abroad !
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

Doxology.

Glory to God on high !
 And peace o'er all the earth ;
 Good will to men—to angels joy
 At our Redeemer's birth !

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
 2 Grace first contrived the plan
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
 3 Grace led our wandering feet
 To tread the heav'nly road ;
 And new supplies each hour we meet,
 While pressing on to God.
 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

105

Reception of Members.

ALL you that have confessed,
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 And to his people joined yourselves,
 According to his word ;
 2 In Zion you must dwell,
 Her altar ne'er forsake :
 Must come to all her solemn feasts—
 Of all her joys partake.
 3 She must employ your thoughts,
 And your unceasing care ;
 Her welfare be your constant wish,
 And her increase, your prayer.
 4 With humbleness of mind,
 Among her sons rejoice :
 A meek and quiet spirit is,
 With God of highest price.
 5 Never offend nor grieve,
 Your brethren by the way,

But shun the dark abodes of strife,
As children of the day.

6 In all your Saviour's ways,
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

Boxford 136.

106

Kambia 138.

At the Lord's Supper.

JESUS invites his saints,
To meet around his board :
Here pardon'd sinners sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food, he gives his flesh ;
And bids us drink his blood,
Amazing favor—matchless grace—
Of our descending Lord !

3 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise :
Let joy and love fill every mind
And every voice be praise.

107

How charming is the place,
Where our Redeeming Lord
Unveils the glories of his face,
According to his word.

2 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him their prayers and cries,
Each contrite soul presents :
And while he hears their humble sighs,
He grants them all their wants.

4 Give us, O Lord, a place,
Within thy blest abode ;
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of our God.

NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away its stain.
 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away :
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
 3 Believing, we rejoice,
 To see the curse remove,
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
 And sing his dying love.
 4 Hosannas to our King,
 In loftiest strains prolong :
 Our ravished hearts shall ever sing
 In an immortal song.

109

YOUR harps, you trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take ;
 Loud to the praise of love divine,
 Bid every string awake.
 2 His grace shall to the end,
 Stronger and brighter shine ;
 Nor present things nor things to come,
 Shall mar his love divine.
 3 The glorious time will come,
 When all shall plainly see,
 And know ev'n as we now are known,
 Throughout Eternity.
 4 Lord search and know our hearts,
 Oh make our souls sincere :
 Bid all hypocrisy depart,
 And keep our conscience clear.

Doxology.

O Holy, Holy Lord !
 Salvation all is thine :
 Righteous art thou in all thy ways,
 Thy work is all divine.

Before the Collection.

- THY bounties, gracious God,
 With gratitude we own ;
 We bless thy providential grace,
 Which showers its blessings down.
 2 With joy thy people bring
 Their offerings to thy throne :
 With grateful souls behold we pay
 A tribute of thine own.
 3 O may this sacrifice,
 To thee, our God, ascend,
 An odour of a sweet perfume,
 Presented by his hand.
 4 May God well pleased regard
 The fruits of heavenly grace,
 And in a plentiful reward,
 Fulfil his promises.

111

- IN all our ways, O Lord,
 We would acknowledge thee,
 And seek to keep our hearts and souls
 From all pollutions free.
 2 Hither we gladly bring
 Oblations to the Lord ;
 And give as well as pray and sing,
 According to thy word.

112

- O MAY the orphan be
 By our abundance blest ;
 O may the wanderer find our gate,
 And there securely rest.
 2 Let him who pines with cold,
 By us be warm'd and clad ;
 Be ours the blissful task to make
 The downcast mourner glad.
 3 Then, bright as morn, shall move
 In peace and joy our days ;
 And glory from the Lord above,
 Shall shine on all our ways.

Departure of a Brother.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds,
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

4 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives
 And longs to see the day.

5 From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free,
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

114

GO with thy servant, Lord,
 His every step attend ;
 All needful help to him afford.
 And bless him to the end.

2 Preserve him from all wrong—
 Stand thou at his right hand
 And keep him from the slanderous tongue,
 And persecuting band.

3 May he proclaim aloud,
 The wonders of thy grace ;
 And do thou to the listening crowd
 His faithful labors bless.

4 Farewell, dear lab'rer, go,
 We part with thee in love ;
 And if we meet no more below,
 O may we meet above.

Marcellus 232.

115 S. M.

Closing Hymn. (Set piece.)

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 Now put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty power;
 He who in his Redeemer trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endued;
 Take you, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God.

4 Then when your work is done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 You shall o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

5 Stand then against your foes
 In close and firm array;
 Legions of wily fiends oppose,
 Throughout the evil day.

6 But meet the sons of night,
 Oppose their vain design;
 Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light—
 Of righteousness divine.

7 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole.

8 Ever together joined,
 To battle all proceed:
 Arm you yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ your head.

Doxology.

Glory to Christ our head!
 His name is all divine:
 His glories round the world are spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.

Rowley 225.

116 6s and 9s.

Oakham 229.

Introduction to Service 4.

LO! he comes from the skies,

You beloved arise,

We rejoice in the day he was born :

On this festival day,

Come exulting away,

And with singing to Zion return.

2 With glory we praise

The original grace,

By our heavenly Father bestowed :

Our being receive,

From his bounty and live

To the honor and glory of God.

3 Hallelujah we sing,

Unto Jesus our King,

In the praise of his wonderful love ;

To the Lamb that was slain,

Hallelujah again,

Till with angels we praise him above.

117

NOW dry up your tears,

The glad morning appears,

When the Prince of Salvation was born :

From Jehovah he came,

To Jehovah again,

With glory and fame to return.

2 In a rapture of joy

Our life we'll employ,

The God of salvation to praise :

'Tis worth living for this,

To partake of such bliss,

And salvation in Jesus's name.

3 Our remnant of days

Will we spend to his praise,

Who died, us from sin to redeem :

Whether many or few,

All our days are his due ;

They shall all be devoted to him.

HOW heavy is the night,
 That hangs upon our eyes;
 Till Christ with his reviving light
 Over our souls arise!
 2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of heaven;
 But in his righteousness arrayed,
 We see our sins forgiven.
 3 Unholy and impure,
 Are all our thoughts and ways,
 Till he infected nature cures
 With sanctifying grace.
 4 The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks th' accursed chain.
 5 Lord we adore thy ways,
 To bring us near to God;
 Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
 And thy redeeming blood.

119

OUR God, our life, our love,
 To thee, to thee, we call;
 We cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.
 2 Nor earth, nor all the sky
 Can one delight afford;
 No, not a drop of real joy
 Without thy presence, Lord.
 3 Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all our pleasures roll;
 The circle where our passions move,
 And centre of our soul.
 4 Not all the hosts above,
 Can give thee equal praise;
 Holy, holy art thou, O Lord,
 And just in all thy ways.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night

Unbounded glories rise ;

And realms of infinite delight,

Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Celestial land ! could our weak eyes

But half its charms explore,

How would our spirits long to rise

And dwell on earth no more !

3 There pain and sickness never come,

And grief no place obtains ;

Health triumphs in immortal bloom

And endless pleasure reigns !

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,

Forever bright and fair !

For sin, the source of ev'ry woe,

Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,

Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;

But glory from the sacred throne,

Spreads everlasting day.

121

THERE is a land of pure delight,

Where saints in glory reign ;

Infinite day excludes the night,

And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,

And never-with'ring flow'rs :

Death, like a narrow sea, divides

This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood

Stand dress'd in living green ;

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,

While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Yet tim'rous mortals start and shrink

To cross this narrow sea ;

And linger shiv'ring on the brink,

And fear to launch away.

Topsham 104. 122 C. M. Peterborough 102.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,

O how I long for thee!

When will my sorrows have an end?

Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,

Most glorious to behold!

Thy gates are richly set with pearls,

Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens

My study long have been,

Such sparkling gems, by human sight,

Have never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,

Why should I stay from thence?

What folly 'tis that I should dread

To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down, thine arm of
grace,

And cause me to ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,

And praises never end.

6 Jesus, my love to glory's gone,

Him will I go and see;

And all my brethren here below

Will soon come after me.

123

OUR God, our portion, and our love,

Our everlasting all,

We've none but thee in heaven above,

Or on this earthly ball.

2 Let others stretch their arms like seas,

And grasp in all the shore:

Grant us the visits of thy grace

And we desire no more.

HAIL! morning known among the blest,
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heav'nly peace and holy rest—
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2' Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead has brought his Son,
Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting sun:
The dawn of joy's eternal day!

4 Mercy look'd down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness rais'd her head.

5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day has giv'n,
For rest and serious joy design'd,
To fit us for the bliss of heav'n.

125

THE Lord of lords and King of kings,
In realms of bliss exalted reigns;
Ah! who can touch the trembling strings!
And hymn his praise with equal strains?

2 The grandeur of his works may show,
In beams of lasting heav'nly light,
To all who love their radiant glow,
The wisdom of his boundless might.

3 But, Zion, on thy portals fair,
His wondrous name resplendent shines,
And ev'ry child of wisdom there,
Shall read it in the clearest lines.

4 Yes, there we learn that God is love!
The lucid truth let angel choirs,
(Circling the shining throne above,)
Resound upon their golden lyres

5 With deep astonishment they saw
Immanuel, the Virgin's Son !
And heard with fix'd and sacred awe
The Lord of glory, cry "'Tis done !"

6 But quit the endless theme, my soul,
And wait resign'd a brighter day,
'Bove immortality's control,
To wake a more enraptured lay.

7 The crown of life, the harp of gold,
And palm of vict'ry, all proclaim
That nobler songs shall yet unfold
The glories of Jehovah's name.

Pilesgrove 55.

126

Effingham 52.

EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal honors of thy throne ;
'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The mighty triumphs of thy grace,
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey :
Wide let thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love !

127

WITH Israel's God who can compare ?
Or who, like Israel, happy are ?
O people saved by the Lord,
He is our shield and great reward !

2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
We are secure from foes and harms !
In vain their plots and false their boasts—
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts !

- THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
 Before the Lord was wav'd,
 And Christ, first fruits of them that slept,
 Was from the dead receiv'd.
- 2 He rose for them for whom he died,
 That, like to him they may
 Rise when he comes, in glory great,
 That ne'er shall fade away.
- 3 This is the day the Spirit came
 With us on earth to stay—
 A comforter, to fill our hearts
 With joys that ne'er decay.
- 4 His comforts are the earnest sure
 Of that same heav'nly rest,
 Which Jesus enter'd on, when he
 Was made forever blest.
- 5 This day the christian church began,
 Form'd by his wond'rous grace ;
 This day the saints in concord meet,
 To join in prayer and praise.
- 6 T' increase their faith, their hope and love
 His death they do show forth,
 His resurrection to record,
 To glory in his worth.
- 7 This joyful day let us observe ;
 Redemption's work is done ;
 The Jewish Sabbaths are no more,
 The earthly rest is gone.
- 8 T' the heav'nly rest let's follow him,
 Whose death has pav'd the way,
 And with the whole creation groan,
 For the Redemption day.

Hortation.

Together let us sweetly live ,
 Together let us die ;
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign in worlds on high.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my wand'ring heart

All taken up in thee

O may I daily live to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;

O may it now be shed abroad

To cheer my fainting heart!

I want to feel that love divine;

This heavenly portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

3 O! that I could forever sit

With Mary at the Master's feet!

Be this my happy choice:

My only care, delight, and bliss,

My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I might, with happy John,

Recline my weary head upon

The bless'd Redeemer's breast!

From care, and fear, and sorrow free,

Give me, O Lord, to find in thee

My everlasting rest.

130

HOW precious, Lord, thy sacred word!

What light and joy those leaves afford,

To thine in their distress!

Thy precepts guide their doubtful way,

Thy voice forbids our feet to stray,

Thy promise leads to rest.

2 Thy threat'nings wake our slumbering eyes,

And warn us, where our danger lies;

But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,

That makes our guilty conscience clean,

Converts the soul and conquers sin,

And freedom full affords.

WHEN the King of kings comes,
When the Lord of lords comes ;
We shall have a joyful day,

When the King of kings comes :
To see the nations broken down,
And kingdoms once of great renown.
And saints now suff'ring wear the crown,

When the King of kings comes.
2 When the trump of God calls,
When the last of foes falls,
We shall have a joyful day,

When the King of kings comes :
To see the saints rais'd from the dead,
And all together gathered,
And made like to their glorious Head,

When the King of kings comes.
3 When the foe's distress comes,
When the church's rest comes,
We shall have a joyful day,

When the King of kings comes :
To see the new Jerusalem,
Its fullness and its matchless frame,
Surpassing all report and fame,

When the King of kings comes.
4 When the world's course is run,
When the judgment is begun ;
We shall have a joyful day,

When the King of kings comes :
To see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus all his brethren own,

When the King of kings comes.
5 When our Lord in clouds comes,
When he with great pow'r comes,
We shall have a joyful day,

When the King of kings comes.
To see all things by him restor'd,
And God himself alone ador'd
By all the saints with one accord,

When the King of kings comes.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness,

Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,

Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong are thy foes, but the arm that subdues them,

And scatters their legions, is mightier far;
They flee like the chaff from the scourge that pursues them;

Vain are their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that shall save thee,

Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be,

Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,

The Oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

Chorus.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!

Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

133

ZION, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest of angels in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth!

2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;

How free to the sinner he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet, let the gladsome hosanna arise;
You angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resounds through the earth and the skies.

134 C. M.

MORTALS! awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Love, joy, and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire,
 Thro' all the shining legions ran,
 And swept the sounding lyre.

3 The theme, the song, the joy was new
 To each angelic tongue;
 Swift thro' the realms of light it flew,
 And loud the echo rung.

4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
 The pealing anthem ran,
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song,
 Peace and salvation swell the note
 Of all the heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 "Glory to God on high!
 Good will and peace are now complete,
 Jesus was born to die!"

7 Hail Prince of life! forever hail!
 Redeemer—brother—friend!
 Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

135

YES, there are joys that cannot die,
 With God laid up in store!
 Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
 More bright than golden ore.

2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
 With rapturous delight:
 Oh for the Spirit's gracious power,
 To speed me in my flight.

Yarmouth 201. 136 7s and 6s. Missionary Hymn 202.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love ?

2 When shall I be deliver'd,
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in ?

3 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before ;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.

4 And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

5 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.

6 Farewell to sin and sorrow
I bid them both adieu ;
And you, my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

7 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

8 Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope and love,
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

9 O ! do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.

10 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

137 7s and 6s.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains,
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver,
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What, though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in their blindness
 Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high;
 Shall we, to man benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?—
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, you winds, his story,
 And you, you waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Methuen 192 133 8s, 7s and 4s. Tamworth 187.

Service No. 4.

BLEST be thou, O God of Israel,
 Thou, our Father and our Lord,
 Blest thy majesty forever,
 Ever be thy name adored.
 2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
 Glory, victory are thine own;
 All is thine in earth and heaven,
 Over all thy boundless throne.
 3 Riches come of thee, and honor,
 Power and might to thee belong;
 Thine it is to make us prosper,
 Only thine to make us strong.
 4 Lord, our God, for these, thy bounties,
 Songs of gratitude we raise;
 To thy name forever glorious,
 Ever we address our praise.

139

SONGS anew of honor framing,
 Sing you to the Lord alone;
 All his wondrous works proclaiming;
 Jesus wondrous works hath done.
 Glorious victory—
 His right hand and arm have won.
 2 Now he bids his great salvation,
 Through the heathen lands be told:
 Tidings spread through every nation,
 And his acts of grace unfold:
 All the heathen
 Shall his righteousness behold.
 3 Shout aloud—and hail the Saviour;
 Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim!
 As ye triumph in his favor,
 Spread abroad his matchless fame:
 Loud rejoicing—
 Shout the honors of his name.

Hallelujah.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Carlow 190. 140 8s, 7s and 4s. Greece 183.

Prayers for all men.

YES ! we trust the day is breaking ;
 Joyful times are near at hand :
 God—the mighty God is speaking,
 By his word in every land :
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.
 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 Christ, our Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad
 Every language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.
 3 Oh ! 'tis pleasant—'tis reviving,
 To our hearts to hear each day ;
 Joyful news from far arriving,
 How the gospel wins its way ;
 Those enlightning,
 Who in death and darkness lay,
 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand,
 Let the gospel be victorious
 Through the world—in every land :
 Then shall idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

141

LIGHT of them who sit in darkness,
 Rise and shine—thy blessings bring ;
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles !
 Rise with healing in thy wing :
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.
 2 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word—at thy command,
 In each nation under heaven
 Preachers shall pervade the land :
 Lord, be with them,
 Who for truth and Scripture stand.

Helmsley 190. 142 8s, 7s and 4s. Fleming 187.

Reading of the Scriptures.

GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,

Make the word of truth thy car:

Prosper in thy course triumphant;

All success attend thy war;

Gracious victor,

Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combined with meekness,

Righteousness and peace unite,

To insure thy blessed conquests—

Take possession of thy right:

Ride triumphant,

Dressed in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre

Blest are all that own thy reign;

Freed from sin—that worst of tyrants—

Rescued from its galling chain;

Saints and angels,

All who know thee, bless thy reign.

143

Kershaw.

MAY the glorious day of promise

Come and spread its cheerful ray,

When the scattered sheep of Israel

Shall no longer go astray:

When hosannas

With united voice they'll cry.

2 Lord, how long wilt thou be angry?

Shall thy wrath forever burn?

Rise, redeem thine ancient people;

Them from their transgressions turn:

King of Israel!

Come and set thy people free.

Doxology.

Glory, honor, praise and power,

To the Lamb be ever paid:

Let new glories every hour,

Rest on his adored head.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!

Rest on his adored head.

Teaching and Preaching.

COME, thou soul-transforming Saviour,
 Bless the sower and the seed:
 Let each heart possess thy favor;
 Raise the weak—the hungry feed:
 By the gospel
 Now supply thy people's need.

2 We are come to seek thy blessing;
 Thou art here thy grace to give;
 Let us all thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive;
 And forever
 To thy praise and glory live.

145

ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands!
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion, long in hostile lands.
 Mourning Captive,
 God himself shall loose thy bands

2 Lo! thy Son is risen in glory!
 God himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasted triumphs end;
 Great Deliverance,
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send:

3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favor blest;
 All thy conflicts
 End in an eternal rest.

Vesper Hymn. 146 8s, 7s and 4s. Siberia 193

MEN of God, go take your stations ;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth :

Go, proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth :

Bear the tidings—
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

2 Of thy gospel not ashamed—

'Tis the power of God to save ;

Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave :

Blessed freedom !
Freedom Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend ;

Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend :

He is with you—
He will guide you to the end.

147

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul be still and gaze :

All the promises do travail

With a glorious day of grace,
Blessed jubilee,

Let the glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,

That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :

Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;

May thy lasting wide dominion,
Multiply and still increase :

Sway thy sceptre—
Saviour, all the world around.

Reception of Members.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the holy Spirit's favor
 Rest upon you from above :
 Yes, forever,
 Rest upon you from above.

2 So may we abide in union,
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford :
 Yes, forever,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

3 And whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey :
 May we ready
 Rise and reign in endless day.

149

GOD of our salvation, hear us,
 Bless those youthful converts so,
 That while e'er they are thus near us,
 They may strong and fruitful grow.

Saviour, keep them—

Keep them safe from every foe.

2 May they live in view of heaven,
 Where, they hope, to see thy face ;
 Save them from unhallowed leaven,
 All that might obscure thy grace ;
 Keep them walking
 Each in his appointed place.

3 As their steps draw near and nearer,
 To the place they call their home,
 May their views of heaven grow clearer—
 Hopes more bright of joys to come :
 And when dying—
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

Oliphant 191. 150 8s, 7s and 4s. Kendal 189.

The Lord's Supper.

SWEET the moment, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend:
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the dying sinner's friend.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
From the dying sinner's friend.

2 Truly blessed in our station,
Low before his cross we lie;
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May we still enjoy this feeling,
Still to our Redeemer go:
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know.

151 8s, 7s and 4s.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly—free—and knows no end.

Hallelujah—
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

Hallelujah—
He rejoices in the same.

Helmsly 190. 152 8s, 7s and 4s. Kendall 190.

LOOK! ye Saints, the sight is glorious;

See the man of sorrow now,

From the fight return'd victorious;

Every knee to him shall bow:

Crown him—crown him—

Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Hark! those bursts of acclamation—

Hark! those loud triumphant chords—

Jesus takes the highest station:

O what joy this sight affords!

Crown him—crown him—

King of kings and Lord of lords.

153

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling

Borders on the shades of death,

Rise on us, thyself revealing,

Rise to chase the clouds beneath.

Hallelujah—

Rise to chase the clouds beneath.

2 Now we wait thy re-appearing:

Life and joy thy beams impart,

Calming all our fears, and cheering

Every meek and contrite heart.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,

Oh thou Prince of Peace and love!

All the fulness of salvation,

Let thy waiting people prove.

4 By thine all-sufficient merit,

Every burdened soul release;

Every weary wandering spirit,

Guide into thy perfect peace.

5 Thou, of life and light Creator,

In our darkest moments rise;

Scatter all the night of nature,

Pour the day upon our eyes.

Hallelujah—

Pour the day upon our eyes.

Sicily 182.

154 8s, 7s and 4s.

Greenville 182.

The Fellowship.

WITH my substance I will honor
 My Redeemer and my Lord;
 Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
 All were nothing to his word.

Hallelujah—

Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
 His abounding grace proclaim;
 Let his saints of every station,
 Gladly join to spread his fame.

Hallelujah—

Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
 May the world the Saviour know;
 Be to him these gifts devoted,
 For to him my all I owe.

Hallelujah—

Run ye heralds to and fro.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
 Praise him all ye hosts above;
 Shout with joyful acclamations,
 His divine, victorious love.

Hallelujah—

By this gift our love we'll prove.

155

Hosanna.

HOSANNA! Christ shall reign' victorious,
 All the earth shall own his sway;
 He will make his Kingdom glorious,
 He shall reign through endless day.

Hallelujah—

Praise him, all ye nations praise him.
 Praise him all ye hosts above;
 Praise him for his great salvation,
 Praise him for his boundless love.

Hallelujah—

These the anthems of our Love.

Set piece 277.

156

Dismission.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us all depart in peace ;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 ♪ Fill each breast with consolation,
 Up to thee our voices raise ;
 When we reach that blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
 ♪ Thanks we give and adoration
 For the gospel's joyful sound ; ,
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound.
 4 Then whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 We the summons will obey.
 Hallelujah !

Harp 277.

157

GOD of our salvation, hear us ;
 Bless, oh bless us, ere we go ;
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest we cold or careless grow.
 2 Praise to thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise to thee from every tongue ;
 Join my soul with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
 3 Father, source of all compassion,
 'Pure unbounded grace is thine,
 Hail the God of our salvation !
 Praise him for his love divine.
 4 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
 Hallelujah !

End of Service 4th.

Introduction to Service 5th.

- WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own :
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy tabernacles, Lord, how fair !
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble fervent prayer—
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Saviour of men, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below :
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own :
With joy the summons we obey.
To worship at thy throne.

159

- THE Saviour ris'n to-day we praise,
In concert with the bless'd ;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest,
- 2 On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By the Creating Word, than when
The universe was made.
- 3 He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.
- 4 How vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Nought can forbid his rise ;
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell
And opens Paradise.

Clyde. 160 L. M. Pomfret 53. Pilesgrave 6.

GIVE to God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
 2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 He fixed the starry lights on high;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.
 3 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
 The King of kings with glory crown:
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When Lords and Kings are known no more.

161

HAPPY the church, the sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace;
 Thine holy courts are his abode,
 The earthly palace of our God.
 2 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
 Against thy throne in vain they rage;
 Like rising waves with angry roar,
 That break and die upon the shore.
 3 God is our shield—and God our Sun;
 ' Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace,
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

162

OH render thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love;
 Whose mercy firm through ages past,
 Has stood, and shall forever last.
 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast but numberless;
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise.
 3 Oh render thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love:
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall forever last.

Calmar 122.

163 S. M.

Olmutz 121.

GREAT is the Lord, our God,
 And let his praise be great;
 He makes the churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright has his salvation shone!
 How fair his heavenly grace!

164

THE Lord, the sovereign King
 Has fixed his throne on high,
 O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
 And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels great in might
 And swift to do his will,
 Bless ye the Lord, whose voice you hear,
 Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Ye heavenly hosts who wait
 The orders of your King,
 Who guard his churches when they pray,
 Oh join the praise we sing.

165

TO bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline,
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous work
 May through the world be known,
 While distant lands their homage pay,
 And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame,
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne,
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

3 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

167

OH render thanks and bless the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless power proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
 His wondrous works rehearse;
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.

168

ARISE, ye people, and adore,
 Exulting strike the chord;
 Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
 Confess th' Almighty Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud—wide echoing round,
 The ascending God proclaim;
 The Angelic Choir respond the song,
 And shake creation's frame.

169

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
 And magnify his name;
 Let all the servants of the Lord,
 His worthy praise proclaim.

WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
 Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
 Who an ever-welcome guest,
 In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He, whose heart thy love has warmed;
 He whose will to thine's conformed,
 Bids his life unsullied run:
 He whose words and thoughts are one.

3 He who trusts in Christ alone,
 Just in all himself hath done:
 He, great God, shall be thy care,
 And thy choicest blessings share.

171

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet!
 When the saints together meet;
 When the Saviour is the theme—
 When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move:
 He beheld the world undone,
 Loved mankind and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's unfading love;
 How he left the realms above,
 Took our nature and our place,
 Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
 Where the saints in glory meet;
 Where the Saviour's still the theme,
 Where they see and sing of him.

Hallelujah.

Praise him, O you sons of men!
 Hallelujah! praise! Amen!
 Praise him in the heavenly height,
 Praise him with eternal might.

Murray 161.

172 H. M.

Haddam 158.

WELCOME delightful morn,

Thou day of sacred rest :

We hail thy kind return ;

Lord make these moments blest.

From low delights and mortal toys,

We'd soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the king descend,

And fill our hearts with grace ;

Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,

While saints address thy face :

May sinners feel thy quickening word,

And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Supply thy Spirit, Lord,

With all his gracious powers,

To those who know thy love,

And bless these sacred hours :

Then shall our souls revive again,

Nor worship be renewed in vain.

173

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,

His throne is built on high ;

The garments he assumes

Are light and majesty :

His glory shines with beams so bright,

No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 And can this mighty King

Of glory condescend ?

And will he write his name,

Our Father and our Friend ?

We love his name, we love his word,

Join all our powers and praise the Lord.

All Hail.

All hail ! triumphant Lord !

Heaven with hosannas rings ;

And earth in humble strains,

Thy praise responsive sings :

Worthy art thou who once wast slain,

Through endless years to live and reign.

Amsterdam.

174 7s and 6s.

Richmond.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Oh send us comfort from above;
 May glory fill the mind.

2 Think of us—we think of thee,
 Each waiting soul release:
 While we think of Calvary,
 Oh fill our souls with peace.

3 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat we pray—
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away.

4 While from sin thou'st set us free,
 From weakness too release;
 While we think of Calvary,
 Oh fill our souls with peace.

175

TO the hills we lift our eyes,
 The everlasting hills;
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 Each soul its comfort feels.

2 Will he not us help afford?
 Help while yet we ask is given!
 God comes down—e'en God the Lord
 Who made both earth and heaven.

176

RISE my soul, stretch out thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 To heaven thy native place

2 Sun and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall the earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

Sardis 230.

177 8s and 6s.

Palestine 213.

SING Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

Sing with a cheerful voice ;

Exalt our God with one accord,

And in his name rejoice.

Ne'er cease to sing, you ransomed host,

Or in your Saviour cease to boast,

Till in the realms of endless light

Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity

Shall join the angelic lays,

And sing in perfect harmony

To God our Saviour's praise.

He hath redeemed us by his blood,

And made us kings and priests to God ;

For us, for us, the Lamb was slain,

Praise ye the Lord ! Amen.

178 8s and 4s.

Create, O God, our powers anew,

Make our whole hearts sincere and true ;

O cast us not in wrath away,

Nor let thy soul's-enlivening ray

Ere cease to shine.

2 Restore thy favor, bliss divine !

Those heavenly joys that once were ours ;

Let thy good spirit, pure and free,

Uphold and guide us by his powers—

Thou God of love.

179 8s and 4s.

LORD, though the nations sit beneath

The darkness of o'erspreading death,

Thou wilt arise with light divine,

On Zion's holy towers to shine,

And Christ shall reign.

2 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace,

Let truth and righteousness and peace,

In mild and lovely forms display

The glories of the latter day.

Send Christ to reign.

Solo.

"THE Lord is risen indeed."

Semi-Chorus.

Then justice asks no more ;
 Mercy and truth are now agreed,
 Who stood opposed before.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Then is his work performed ;
 The mighty captive now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarmed.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Then hell has lost his prey :
 With him is risen the ransomed seed,
 To reign in endless day.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Attending angels hear ;
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.

1st Chorus.

5 Then wake your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord ;
 Join all you bright, celestial choirs
 To sing our risen Lord.

2d Chorus.

6 Blessing to God on high we give !
 And everlasting praise !
 Holy art thou in all thy works,
 And just in all thy ways.

181

AND must this body die ?

This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldring in the clay ?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,

And nightly from the skies,
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine ;
And every form and every face
Look heavenly and divine.
4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

182

IN expectation sweet,
We'll celebrate his praise,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
Then sing through endless days.
2 He comes, the Saviour comes,
Death feels his mighty sword :
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.
3 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace.
No night of sorrow e'er shalt close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

183

O LORD our God arise,
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend thy blessed reign.
2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease :
Far spread the conquests of thy love,
And bless the world with peace.
3 Let all the earth arise,
To God their Saviour sing,
From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.
Hallelujah.
Let everlasting praise,
Be to Jehovah given :
Let earth with all her thousand lays
Exalt her songs to heaven.

HOW wondrous and great
 Thy works, God of praise!
 How just, King of saints,
 And true are thy ways!
 Oh who shall not fear thee,
 And honor thy name!
 Thou only art holy,
 Thou only supreme!
 2 To nations long dark,
 Thy light shall be shown;
 Their worship and vows
 Shall come to thy throne:
 Thy truth and thy judgments
 Shall spread all abroad,
 Until all the people
 Confess thee their God.

185

OH! praise you the Lord,
 Prepare a new song,
 And let all his saints
 In full concert join.
 With voices united,
 The anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises
 In strains all divine.
 2 O praise you the Lord,
 You saints of his house:
 His wonders record,
 And pay him your vows:
 Ye angels adore him,
 Who worship on high,
 Fall prostrate before him,
 Whose power built the sky.
 3 Yea all that have breath, each breath now
 accord;
 Nor cease until death, exalting the Lord:
 In loud adoration advancing his praise,
 The Lord of creation! the Fountain of grace.

BEYOND the glit'ring starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.

2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine,
At his right hand with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

3 Hail, Prince! they cry, forever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms,
And royalties above?

4 While from the sons of men on earth
He suffer'd rude disdain;
They threw their honors at his feet
And waited in his train.

5 Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend:
Oft gaz'd and wonder'd where at length
This scene of love would end.

6 They heard him in the garden groan,
And saw his sweat of blood;
They saw his pierced hands and feet
Nail'd to the cursed wood.

7 They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before:
And rise in conq'ring majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

8 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
And with a shout exulting cried,
"The glorious work is done."

Hosanna.

Hosanna to our God above,
Who rules in worlds on high,
On earth he flows in streams of love—
Of glory through the sky.

- JESUS, in thee our eyes behold,
 A thousand glories more
 Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
 The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 Once in the circuit of a year,
 With blood, but not his own,
 Aaron within the veil appear'd !
 Before the golden throne.
- 3 But Christ, by his all-pow'rful blood,
 Ascends above the skies,
 And in the presence of our God
 Shows his own sacrifice.
- 4 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
 On Zion's heav'nly hill ;
 Looks like a Lamb that had been slain,
 And wears his priesthood still.

188

- BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
 Amidst his Father's throne,
 Prepare new honors for his name,
 And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
 The church adore around,
 With vials full of odors sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid :
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 Forever on thy head.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

Doxology.

- All hail ! thou only glorious Lord !
 By all the sons of men,
 Be thou eternally adored,
 Amen, Amen, Amen.

GLORY to the Eternal King,
 Clad in majesty supreme!
 Let all heaven his praises sing,
 Let all worlds his power proclaim.
2 Through eternity he reigns
 In unbounded realms of light;
 He the universe sustains,
 As an atom in his sight.
3 Suns on suns through boundless space,
 With their systems, move or stand,
 Or to occupy their place,
 New orbs rise at his command.
4 Kingdoms flourish—empires fall,
 Nations live, and nations die,
 All forms nothing, nothing all—
 At the movement of his eye.
5 O let our transported souls
 Ever on his glories gaze:
 Ever yield to his control,
 Ever sound his lofty praise!

190

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love!
2 Pilgrims in this veil of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts—distressing fears—
 Torturing pain and heavy wo.
3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find
 Lulled to rest the aching head,
 Soothed the anguish of the mind!

Doxology.

Holy, holy, holy Lord—
 Live by heaven and earth adored
 Filled with thee, let all things cry,
 Glory be to God most high!

Service 5th, in Diverse Metres.

- WITH one consent, let all the earth,
 To God their cheerful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed;
 We, whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh enter then his temple gate,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord—supremely good,
 His mercy is forever sure;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

192

- HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
 Who holds the key of death and hell!
 The spacious world unseen is his,
 The sov'reign power becomes him well.
- 2 In shame and torment once he died,
 But now he lives forevermore;
 Bow down, you saints, around his seat,
 And all you angel bands adore.
- 3 Live, live forever, glorious Lord,
 To crush thy foes and guard thy friends;
 While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
 That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
 Guided by wisdom and by love,
 Worthy to rule our mortal lives,
 O'er worlds below and worlds above.

Doxology.

- Holy, holy, holy the Lord!
 He lives by heaven and earth adored!
 Filled with the Lord, let all things cry,
 "Glory to God who reigns on high!"

Prayers for all men.

HAIL mighty Jesus, how divine,

Thou all-victorious Lord !

The stoutest rebel must resign,

At thy commanding word.

2 O gird thy sword upon thy thigh,

Ride with majestic sway ;

Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,

And make thy foes obey.

3 And when thy victories are complete,

And all thy chosen race

Shall round thy throne of mercy meet,

To sing thy conquering grace.

4 Oh may our humble souls be found

Among that favored band,

And we with them thy praise will sound

Throughout Immanuel's land.

194

ALMIGHTY Father, now behold

A world by sin destroyed :

A chaos, turb'lent as of old,

Dark, formless, and void !

2 Speak thou the word—the healing sound

Shall quell the deadly strife,

And earth again, like Eden crowned,

Bring forth the tide of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,

When nature rose to view,

What strains will angel-harps employ,

When thou shalt all renew.

4 And if the sons of God rejoice

To hear the Saviour's name,

How will the ransomed raise their voice

To whom the Saviour came !

5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,

Assembling round the throne,

The new creation shall ascribe

To sovereign love alone.

O GOD of truth and grace,
 We bow before thy throne,
 And plead for all the human race,
 The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
 The knowledge of thy ways,
 And let all lands with joy record
 The great Redeemer's praise.

196

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
 His counsels and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before the glory of his face
 With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

197

TO bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all the saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.

3 O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth;
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King
 Shalt govern all the earth.

Reading of the Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
 What endless glory shines !
 Forever be thy name adored,
 For these celestial lines !

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
 Spreads heavenly peace around :
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

199

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
 In glory now appear ;
 Make us the place of thine abode
 And shed thy brightness here.

2 While we thy mercy seat surround,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
 And let thy word's all cheering sound,
 With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain ;
 Here give the mourners rest ;
 Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
 Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
 And humble prayer arise,
 Till higher strains our tongues employ,
 In realms beyond the skies.

Festal.

Come, now, you saints, and grateful sing,
 Of Christ our risen Lord—
 Of Christ, the Everlasting King—
 Of Christ th' incarnate Word.

THANKS for mercies, Lord, receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view.
 2 Bless thy word to old and young;
 Grant us now thy peace and love;
 And when life's short race is run,
 Take us to thy house above.

201

SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all—
 Quick and powerful may it prove;
 O may sinners hear thy call!
 Let thy people grow in love.
 2 Thine own gracious message bless;
 May it work thy will divine,
 Give the gospel great success—
 Thine the praise, the glory thine.
 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice,
 Send, O send, thy truth abroad!
 Let the nations hear thy voice—
 Hear it and return to God.

202

IN thy temple we appear,
 Lord, we love to worship here,
 Here without the veil we see
 Much of heaven, and much of thee.
 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
 Tune our lips, unloose our tongue;
 Then our joyful souls shall bless
 Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.
 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
 Let thine ear in love attend;
 Hear us while thy Spirit pleads—
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
 4 While thy word is heard and read,
 Shed thy blessings on our head;
 Let thy promises and love
 Every doubt and fear remove.

Before Teaching.

ALMIGHTY Father, glorious Lord,
 Thy precious name be known;
 Touched by the virtues of thy word,
 May men their Saviour own.
 2 O may thy word awake the dead,
 And bid the sleeping rise;
 May every guilty sinner dread
 The death that never dies.
 3 Let all receive the word they hear,
 Each in an honest heart,
 Lay up the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.
 4 O let the speaker comprehend
 Thy word of truth most clear;
 Him utterance and wisdom send,
 And give us ears to hear.

204

FREQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quickening beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns!
 How languid are its flames!
 2 Quicken our faint desires to love;
 Our follies, Lord, forgive,
 O may thy word our souls improve,
 And teach us how to live.
 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 And praises never end.
 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air—
 With heavenly lustre shine—
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.
 5 There shall we join, and never tire,
 To sing immortal lays,
 And with the bright seraphic choir
 Sound our Immanuel's praise

Reception of Members.

KINDRED in Christ for his name's sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above ;
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Thus as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

206

LORD, we adore thy conqu'ring grace,
 Who crown'd the gospel with success,
 Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
 And bringing to the fold thy flock.

2 May those who have thy truth confess'd,
 As their own faith, and hope and rest,
 From day to day still more increase,
 In faith, in love, and holiness.

3 As living members, may they share
 The joys and griefs which others bear,
 And active in their stations prove,
 In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations now defend,
 And keep them steadfast to the end
 While in thy house they still improve,
 Until they join the church above.

Lord's Supper.

'TWAS on that night when doom'd to know
 The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
 That night in which he was betray'd,
 The Saviour of the world took bread:
 2 And after thanks and glory giv'n,
 To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
 That symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:—
 3 My broken body thus I give
 For you, my friends, take, eat and live;
 And oft the sacred feast renew
 That brings my wondrous love to view.
 4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
 And God anew he thank'd and prais'd:
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.
 5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
 To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
 In this the covenant is seal'd,
 And heaven's eternal grace reveal'd.
 6 This cup is fraught with love to men;
 Let all partake who love my name:
 Through latest ages let it pour
 In mem'ry of my dying hour.

208

HERÉ we behold the dawn of bliss—
 Here we behold the Saviour's grace—
 Here we behold his precious blood,
 Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
 2 While here we sit we would implore
 That love may spread from shore to shore,
 Till all the saints like us combine
 To praise the Lord in songs divine.
 3 Here, by the bread and wine, we view
 What boundless curses were our due:
 But through the off'ring of our Lord
 More than was lost is now restor'd.

For the Collection.

- COME, let us with a joyful heart
 In this blest labor share a part ;
 Not prayers alone but off'rings bring,
 To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 2 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
 In hope to see the latter days ;
 Oh may we not forget to prove
 By generous deeds, how much we love.
- 3 Wher'er his hand has spread the skies,
 His bounty every need supplies ;
 Shall we not imitate his grace,
 And fill with gifts this favoring place ?
- 4 A generous heart the Lord approves,
 A liberal hand our Saviour loves ;
 Come, then, you saints, approve his will,
 And let your gifts his treas'ry fill.

210

- THE poor, he says, you always have ;
 To such, he says, you still may give :
 May prayers and praise to God arise,
 For what his church this day supplies.
- 2 The fellowship our God approves,
 Good works and great our Saviour loves ;
 O let us, then, in both abound,
 By both evince our faith is sound.

211

- LET those instructed in the Lord,
 With reverence hear his holy word :
 Supply the wants of those who teach—
 Of those who labor—those who preach.
- 2 A double honor Christ awards,
 To him who feeds—to him who guards ;
 Oh may our gifts this day declare,
 How generous—how sincere we are !

A Parting Hymn.

WHEN shall we meet again ?

Meet, ne'er to sever ?

When will peace wreath her chain

Round us forever ?

Our hearts will near repose,

Safe from each blast that blows

In this dark vale of woes,

Never, no, never.

2. When shall love freely flow

Pure as life's river :

When shall sweet friendship glow

Changeless forever ?

When joys celestial thrill,

When bliss each heart shall fill,

And fears of parting chill,

Never, no, never ?

3 Up to that world of light,

Take us, dear Saviour ;

May we all there unite,

Happy forever !

Where kindred spirits dwell,

There may our music swell,

And time our joys dispel,

Never, no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,

Meet, ne'er to sever ;

Soon will peace wreath her chain

Round us forever :

Our hearts will then repose,

Secure from worldly foes ;

Our songs of praise shall close

Never, no, never.

Conclusion.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 Behold the Judge of man appears,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before!
 Prepare my soul to meet him.

Brattle Street.

214 C. M.

Harp 245.

- WHEN** thee we seek, protecting Power!
 Be our vain sorrows stilled;
 And may each consecrated hour
 With noblest hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
 To thee our thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er our life has flowed—
 Thy mercy we adore.
- 3 In each event of life how clear
 Thy ruling hand we see!
 Each blessing to our souls most dear,
 Because bestowed by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns our days,
 In every pain we bear,
 Our hearts shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 What gladness wings the destined hour,
 Thy love our thoughts shall fill,
 Resigned when storms of sorrow lower
 Our souls shall meet thy will.
- 6 Our lifted eyes without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see,
 Our steadfast hearts shall know no fear,
 Those hearts will rest on thee.

End of Service 5th.

Weymouth 160.

215 H. M.

Newbury 101.

Introduction to Service 6th.

AWAKE our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.

Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At the approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned—

The glorious Prince of Life

In dark domains confined:

Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts their Lord ascends.

3 All hail triumphant Lord!

Heaven with hosannas rings;

While earth in humble strains,

Thy praise responsive sings.

Worthy art thou who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

216 H. M.

YOU boundless realms of joy,

Exalt your Maker's name;

His praise your songs employ,

Above the starry frame.

Your voices raise, ye cherubim,

And seraphim, to sing his praise.

2 Let all adore the Lord,

And praise his holy name,

By whose Almighty hand

They all from nothing came:

And all shall last from changes free,

His firm decree stands ever fast.

3 O Zion, tune thy voice,

And raise thy hands on high:

Tell all the earth thy joys,

And boast salvation nigh;

Sheerful in God, arise and shine,

Vith rays divine, stream all around.

THE Saviour's glorious name

Forever shall endure,

Long as the sun, his matchless fame

Shall ever stand secure.

2 Wonders of grace and power

To thee alone belong

Thy church those wonders shall adore

In everlasting song.

3 Jehovah, God most high!

We spread thy praise abroad;

Through all the world thy fame shall fly.

O God, thine Israel's God!

218

THY name, Almighty Lord,

Shall spread through distant lands;

Great is thy grace and sure thy word,

Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,

And long thy praise endure,

Till morning light and evening shade

Shall be exchanged no more.

219

OUR Maker and our King!

To thee our all we owe;

Thy sovereign bounty is the spring

Whence all our blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!

A thousand reasons move,

A thousand obligations bind

Our hearts to grateful love.

3 Oh let thy grace inspire

Our souls with strength divine;

Let all our souls to thee aspire

And all our days be thine.

4 And when our days are past,

And we from time remove;

O may we in thy bosom rest,

The bosom of thy love.

SING to the Lord, in cheerful strains;

Let earth his praise resound :

Let all the cheerful nations join

To spread his glory round.

2 Thou City of the Lord, begin

The universal song ;

And let the scattered villages

The cheerful notes prolong.

8 Till midst the strains of distant lands,

The islands sound his praise ;

And all combined with one accord,

Jehovah's glories raise.

221

TO God, our strength, your voice aloud,

In strains of glory raise ;

The great Jehovah—Jacob's God,

Exalt in notes of praise.

2 Now let the grateful trumpet blow,

On each appointed feast,

And teach the waiting world to know

The church's sacred rest.

3 With psalms of honor and of joy,

Let all his temples ring :

Your various instruments employ,

And songs of triumph sing.

222

Melbourne 87.

COME, let our hearts and voices join,

And strains of triumph raise ;

Sing to the Lord in songs divine,

Our Rock, the Saviour praise.

2 Come where his glory he displays,

Your lips in thanks employ :

Come, speak the wonders of his grace

In holy songs of joy.

O COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth,
That in our Saviour shine !

We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel as he sings,
In anthems all divine.

2 We'd sing the character he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne :

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

3 Well, the delightful day will come,
When our blest Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face :

There with our Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity will spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

224

GREAT God, our voice to thee we raise ;
Tune thou our lips and hearts to praise,
Thy goodness to adore :

Our life, our health, and every friend,
From thee arise—on thee depend,
Kind Father of the poor !

2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wings,
Secure the weak, O King of kings !
Our shield and refuge be :

Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our days,
That we may walk in all thy ways,
And come at last to thee.

3 We thank thee for thy precious word,
And all thy mercies, gracious Lord,
Oh crown us with thy love.

Then joy shall tune our constant songs,
Till we shall join immortal tongues,
In nobler praise above.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crowned;
 Arrayed in robes of light,
 Begirt with sovereign might,
 And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy command,
 The world securely stands,
 And skies and stars obey thy word:
 Thy throne was fixed on high
 Ere stars adorned the sky:
 Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their power engage:
 Let swelling tides assault the sky
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down;
 Thy throne forever stands on high.
 4 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new;
 There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove,
 Thy saints with holy fear,
 Shall in thy courts appear
 And sing thine everlasting love.

226

ZION, thrice happy place—
 Adorned with wondrous grace,
 And walls of peace embrace thee round:
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray and praise and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
 2 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest:
 The man who seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.

- LET every creature join
 To praise the eternal God :
 Ye heavenly hosts the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays ;
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
 And fixed their wondrous frame ;
 By his command they stand or move.
 And ever speak his name.
- 4 By all his works above,
 His honors be exprest ;
 But saints, who taste his saving love
 Should sing his praises best.

228

- LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
 Are one in Christ our head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let fervent love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With equal blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

Doxology.

- Glory to God on high !
 We hail the happy morn ;
 We join the chorus of the sky,
 And sing—the Saviour born.

AGAIN, indulgent Lord, return
 With sweet and quickening grace,
 To cheer and warm our sluggish souls,
 And speed us in our race.
 2 Awake our love, our faith, our hope,
 Our fortitude and joy :
 Vain world begone—let things above
 Our happy thoughts employ.
 3 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
 We would forever own ;
 Drive each rebellious rival, lust—
 Each traitor from the throne.
 4 Instruct our minds, our souls subdue,
 To heaven our passions raise,
 And let our life forever be
 Devoted to thy praise.

230

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
 And to thy courts repair ;
 Again with joyful feet we come
 To meet our Saviour here.
 2 Within those walls let holy peace
 And love and concord dwell :
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow,
 4 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers ;
 And in the bosom of our Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.
 5 Grant us a visit in thy love,
 Our fainting souls to raise ;
 O pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!

How wondrous is thy name!

Thy glories how diffused abroad,
Through all creation's frame.

2 Nature in every dress,

Her humble homage pays;

And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

3 Our souls would rise and sing,

Their great Creator too,

Fain would our tongues adore our King,
And pay the homage due.

4 Let joy and worship spend

The remnant of our days;

And still to God our souls ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

132

AND will not Jesus hear

His children when they cry?

Yes—though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

2 His nature, truth, and love,

Engage them on his side;

When they are grieved, his bowels move
They will not be deceived.

3 Then let us earnest be,

And never faint in prayer;

He wills our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

233

FROM earliest dawn of life,

Thy goodness we have shared;

And still we live to sing thy praise
By thy great mercy spared.

2 Oh, let us never tread

The broad destructive road,

But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

Service 6th, in Common Metre.

HOLY and reverend is the name

Of our Eternal King ;

"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry—

Thrice holy let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind

Is due unto the Lord,

And he by all about him should,

With reverence be adored.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,

Whom words nor thoughts can reach :

A contrite heart shall please him more

Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve our souls

From all pollution free ;

The pure in heart are thy delight,

And they thy face shall see.

235

AMID the splendors of thy state,

O God, thy love appears,

Soft as the radiance of the moon,

Among a thousand stars.

2 Sinai in clouds, and smoke, and fire,

Thunders thine awful name,

But Zion sings in melting notes,

The honors of the Lamb.

3 Angels and men the news proclaim,

Through earth and heaven above :

And all with holy transport sing

That God, the Lord, is love.

Doxology.

Holy and just in all thy ways,

Art thou, O King of saints !

Through endless ages are thy days,

And nought thy nature taints.

- KEEP** silence—all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod,
 My soul stands trembling while she sings
 The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on his firm decree;
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 His providence unfolds his book,
 And makes his counsels shine,
 Each opening leaf—and every stroke
 Fulfil some deep design.
- 4 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 Oh may I find my name,
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

237

- THE** Lord our God is clothed with might,
 The winds obey his will:
 He speaks—and in his heavenly height,
 The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel ye waves—and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar!
 The Lord lifts up his awful hand,
 And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl winds of night, your force combine,
 Without his high behest,
 You shall not in the mountain pine,
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
 In distant peals it dies;
 He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
 And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations bend—in reverence bend;
 Ye monarchs wait his nod,
 And bid the choral songs ascend
 To celebrate our God.

Prayers for all Men.

WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away
And tread his gospel down?

2 Attend, O earth, while God declares
His uncontrolled decree:—

“Thou art mine only Son, this day
Have I begotten thee.”

3 Ask and receive thy full demands,
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limits of the land
Shall be possessed by thee.

4 Learn, then, ye princes and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

239

THE Lord ascends on high,
To rule the spacious earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads—
And pleads his heavenly birth.

2 The nations that rebel,
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honors well,
Which he received from God.

3 Be wise, you rulers, now,
And worship at his throne:
With trembling joy, you Princes bow
To God's exalted Son.

4 If once his wrath arise,
You perish on the place:
But blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

HOW sad our state by nature is!

Our sin, how deep its stains!

And satan holds the captive mind,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But hark! a voice of grace divine
Sounds from the sacred word;

"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

241

RELIEF and peace alone is found

In Jesus's precious blood:

'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

2 High lifted on the accursed cross,
The spotless victim dies:—

This is salvation's only source—
Hence all our hopes arise.

242

AH, how shall guilty fallen man
Be just before his God!

If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 The mountains move and quake with fear,
And own his awful nod;—

None, none can meet him and escape,
But by the Saviour's blood.

243

GREAT God of glory and of grace!

We own with humble shame,

How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 And can such rebels be restored!
Such natures made divine!

O let the nations see thy grace
And taste this love of thine.

Reading the Scriptures.

HAIL sacred truth whose piercing rays,
 Dispel the shades of night;
 Diffusing o'er the mental world,
 The healing beams of light.

2 O Saviour, send thy truth abroad,
 In all its radiant blaze;
 And bid the admiring world adore
 The glories of thy grace.

245

IF stained with guilt and full of fear,
 We come to thee, O Lord,
 There's not a ray of hope appears,
 But in thy holy word.

2 Here living water freely flows,
 To cleanse us from our sin:
 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
 Nor danger lurks therein.

246

THE volume of our Father's grace
 Does all our griefs dispel;
 Here we behold our Saviour's face,
 And learn to do his will.

2 Oh may thy counsels, mighty God,
 Our roving feet command;
 Nor we forsake the happy road,
 That leads to thy right hand.

247

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
 On all thy works we look;
 But still, thy wisdom, power and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book,

2 Here are thy choicest treasures hid—
 Here our best comfort lies;
 Here our desires are satisfied,
 And here our hopes arise.

Teaching and Preaching.

ON this blest day a brighter scene
 Of glory was displayed,
 By Christ, our risen Lord, than when
 The universe was made.

2 He rises, who our souls hath bought,
 With grief and pain extreme;
 'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
 'Twas greater to redeem.

249

NOW let thy servant, mighty Lord,
 Feel all thy quickening powers:
 Oh may he by thy glorious word
 Arouse these hearts of ours.

2 Oh may his mem'ry well approve
 The glories it supplies,
 And while he speaks the truth in love,
 May all thy saints rejoice.

250

OUR deepest, our devoutest wish,
 To God's most holy name,
 We humbly breath that he may bless
 All, who the truth proclaim.

2 May thousands and ten thousands feel
 The mercy of our God:
 May thousands more and thousands still
 Be saved by Jesus's blood.

251

WITH power and glory let thy word
 Like mighty thunder roll:
 And like the lightnings of the Lord,
 Blaze forth from pole to pole.

2 With holy zeal inflame the heart
 Of such as preach thy name;
 Thy sacred counsels to impart,
 And all the world reclaim.

QUICK as the vital spark inspires
 This mortal flesh of ours,
 So quick the word of Jesus fires
 The soul's immortal powers.

2 He speaks, our slumbering spirits wake
 Astonished and renewed,
 And mounting up, his grace partake,
 With strength divine endued.

3 We walk, we run, we leap, we fly,
 Along the heavenly way:
 'Scaped from the jaws of death, on high,
 We seek a brighter day.

253

THE Lord of glory let us praise,
 In concert with the blest:
 And joyful in harmonious lays
 Employ this day of rest.

2 Lord, may we still remember thee,
 And still in knowledge grow;
 Oh may we more thy glory see,
 While waiting here below.

254

NATURE in all her thousand forms
 Bespeaks thy greatness, Lord,
 But thine authority we learn
 In thy most holy word.

2 The globe itself, alas! grows old,
 The heavens themselves decay,
 But thy good promises shall hold
 Forever and for aye.

Doxology.

Glory and honor, praise and power,
 Be still ascribed to God!
 Glory to Christ forevermore!
 He bought us with his blood,

Reception of Members.

COME, welcome, friends, approach your God,
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, render to almighty grace,
 The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love,
 That pitied dying men,
 The Father sent his gracious Son,
 To give them life again.

3 See, Saviour, see these willing souls—
 The purchase of thy blood:
 They seek a home within thy church,
 The place of thine abode.

4 Welcome, thrice welcome, brethren, friends
 To this, his sacred rest:
 Confide your interests to his care,
 And lean upon his breast.

5 Be your profession still adorned
 With ornaments of grace;
 Let truth and meekness, prayer and praise,
 Shine forth in all your ways.

6 God will approve the deeds of such
 As do his truth adorn;
 And bring them to a rich reward—
 The resurrection morn.

7 Hail! brethren, hail! your Father's house
 Is blest with plenteous store:
 Here Jesus stands with bounteous grace
 To welcome all the poor.

Benediction.

Blest be the everlasting God!
 And blest his children dear!
 The purchase of our Saviour's blood,
 We gladly welcome here.

Harp 279.

256 C. M.

Lord's Supper.

TO him that loved the sons of men,
And washed them in his blood ;
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God.

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
His saints shall bless the day ;
While those who pierced him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the first, and thou the last,
Time centres all in thee—
Th' almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shalt be.

257

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high priest above ;
His heart is full of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy divine,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations are,
For he has felt the same.

258

THE peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are opened by the Son :
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the eternal throne.

2 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to the eternal King
Who rules above the sky.

AND did the holy and the just,
The sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise!

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne—
His radiant throne on high;
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—oh wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled!

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy most precious blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

260

HIS reconciling sacrifice,
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies,
Come to us by his hands.

2 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

261

BEHOLD, what pity touched the hear
Of God's beloved Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He leaves his Father's throne.

2 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy man,
And raised the ruins of our race,
To life and God again.

The Contribution.

LET saints obey their gracious Lord,
 And shun the ways of hell;
 The soul who will not hear his word,
 Shall not with Jesus dwell.

2 As waring tempests vex the world,
 And spread their ruin round;
 So men of state from life are hurled
 And never more are found.

3 As floods bear fields and fruits away,
 And blast the hopes of men,
 Ungodly sinners all decay,
 Nor e'er spring up again.

4 But oh! the joy and bliss of heaven
 'Tis like the summer ray,
 With light and life it shall be given
 To all that keep his way.

5 Then gladly bring your offering night
 The precious things of time—
 For heaven and all beyond the sky,
 O, man of God, are thine.

263

HERE will we meet the Saviour's poor,
 And fill their souls with bread;
 The wretched stop at Jesus' door,
 And shall be largely fed.

2 Accept, O Lord, our prayers and vows,
 The offerings which we bring;
 Shall fill, like incense, all thy house—
 The palace of our King.

3 Thanks to thy great, thy gracious name,
 For all that we receive;
 'Tis meet that we should share the same,
 And all thy poor relieve.

Parting with an Evangelist.

SOUND, sound the news abroad,
 Bear you the word of God,
 Through the wide world;
 Tell what the Lord has done,
 Tell how the day is won,
 Tell from his lofty throne
 Satan is hurl'd.

2 Far over sea and land,
 'Tis Jesus's own command,
 Bear you his name :
 Bear it to every shore—
 Regions unknown explore;
 Enter at every door—
 Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love,
 Jesus who reigns above
 Bids us to fly ;
 They who his message bear,
 Should neither doubt nor fear ;
 He will their friend appear,
 He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep,
 He will their spirits keep,
 Staid on his word ;
 When in a foreign land,
 No other friend at hand,
 Jesus will by them stand—
 Jesus their Lord.

5 You who forsaking all,
 At your loved Master's call,
 Comforts resign,
 Soon will your work be done,
 Soon will the prize be won ;
 Brighter than yonder sun
 Then shall you shine.

Conclusion.

JESUS, we love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to our ear ;
 Fain would we sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to our soul,
 Our transport and our trust ;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 O may thy grace still cheer our heart,
 And shed its fragrance there,
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

4 We'll speak the honors of thy name,
 With our last lab'ring breath ;
 And may the fragrance of thy name
 Sustain our souls in death.

1 Doxology.

To God the Father and the Son,
 Whom all the saints adore,
 Be glory as it was—is now,
 And shall be evermore !

2 Doxology.

To God who sits upon the throne,
 And Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
 In honor, power, and wisdom one,
 We'll join in loud acclaim.

3 Doxology.

To God and Christ our heavenly King,
 We'll give immortal praise ;
 And by the Holy Spirit sing
 Henceforth to endless days.

End of Service 6th.

Long Metre Service.

ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
 Who all creation dost sustain !
 Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
 And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
 Each glorious attribute divine,
 Through ages infinite, shall still
 With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being ! source of good !
 Immutable dost thou remain ;
 Nor can the shadow of a change
 Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
 If such the great Creator's will :
 But thou forever art the same ;
 " I am " is thy memorial still.

267

PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
 To him who earth's foundations laid ;
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules the people by his word ;
 And that, as strong as his decrees,
 Reveals his kindest promises.

268

THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
 Hast to the saints a refuge been ;
 Through every age, eternal God,
 Their pleasing home, their sure abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
 And were with thy protection blest ;
 Behold their sons a feeble race !
 We come to fill our fathers' place.

NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King :
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known ;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 Oh ! may our ardent zeal employ,
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs,
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame,
Attempts in vain to reach thy name :
The highest notes that angels raise,
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

270

NOW let all angels sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky ;
Kings of the earth with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come ;
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
Forever live—forever reign.

271

YES, Mighty Saviour, thou shalt reign
Till all thy haughty foes submit ;
Till death and all his trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.

2 The ransomed shall bless thy power ;
Thine arm shall full salvation bring :
Thy saints in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King.

Prayers for all men.

ARISE, great God ! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race ;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide—their pardon seal ;
O God of Israel ! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love ?
Say—shall thy wrath forever burn ?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return ?

4 Thy quickening message now impart
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee,
Their bliss and full salvation see.

273

Dresden.

O FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom, built on love and grace !
In every nation give it room,
In every heart afford it place :

The earth is thine—set up thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as thine own.

2 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
And sinners scorn thy holy fear ;
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where'er thy messengers appear :

Oh rise, great God, in love, and bless
All nations with thy righteousness.

274

ALL power is to our Saviour given ;
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns ;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

2 Soon the redeemed in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through every age of time,
Shall kingdom, power, and glory give.

Reading of the Scriptures.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book :
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

276

WE love the sacred book of God ;
No other can its place supply :
It points us to the saints' abode,
And lifts our joyful thoughts on high.

2 Blest book, in thee our eyes discern
The image of our absent Lord :
From thy instructive page we learn
The joys his presence will afford.

277

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
O bless the world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the sinful wise ;
Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.

278

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul—awake, my tongue :
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus's face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

Teaching or Preaching.

GRACE!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme—
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus's name:
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

2 Oh! may I reach that happy place
 Where he unveils his lovely face!
 Where all his beauties we behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold!

280

BRIGHT King of glory—dreadful God,
 Our spirits bow before thy seat;
 To thee we lift an humble thought,
 And worship at thine awful feet.

2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
 Stand round the glorious Deity;
 But who, among the sons of light,
 Pretends comparison with thee?

3 Now let the name of Christ, our King,
 With equal honors be adored:
 His praise let every angel sing,
 And all the nations own him Lord.

281

HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 And now, before his Father God,
 He pleads the merits of his blood.

2 In every dark, distressful hour,
 When sin and satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart—
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.

3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
 On thee our humble hopes depend;
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

Teaching or Preaching.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die :
 He lives, the Lord enthroned on high :
 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave :
 He lives, eternally to save !

2 He lives, to still his servants' fears :
 He lives, to wipe away their tears :
 He lives, their mansions to prepare :
 He lives, to bring them safely there !

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears :
 With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
 For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive !

283

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
 What joy the blest assurance gives !
 He lives—he lives ! who once was dead,
 He lives, my everlasting head !

2 He lives !—all glory to his name !
 He lives, my Saviour, still the same ;
 How great the joy this sentence gives,
 “I know that my Redeemer lives !”

284

OUR dear Redeemer and our Lord,
 We read our duty in thy word ;
 But in thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth—and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love—and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Be thou our pattern—make us bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own our name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

Reception of Members.

SO let your lips and lives express,
The holy gospel you profess;
So let your works and virtue shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall you best proclaim abroad
The honors of your Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Your flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Your inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears your spirits up,
While you expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

5 Welcome, then, brethren of the Lord,
The rest his word and church afford,
Accept, and may his grace divine
Cause you in deeds of love to shine.

286

THIS happy day has fixed their choice,
On Christ, their Saviour and their Lord;
Well may their glowing hearts rejoice,
And tell the glories of his word.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals their vows,
To him that merits all their love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now they move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done,
They are the Lord's—the Lord is ours;
Rejoice in Christ, we now are one:
Rejoice to feel his heavenly powers.

4 Glory to God in endless strains,
Through endless ages still be given:
Lo! Christ the great Messiah reigns,
To bless our souls and grant us heaven.

The Lord's Supper.

WHEN we survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Lord of glory died,
Our richest gain we count but loss,
And pour contempt on all our pride.

2 See from his side, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing—so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

288

HOW great the wonders of that cross,
Where our Redeemer bled and died !
Its noblest life our spirit draws
From his deep wounds and pierced side.

2 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

289

NOW let our faith grow strong, and rise,
And view our Lord in all his love ;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
'Then mount, and see his throne above.

2 See where he languished on the cross !
Beneath our sins he groaned and died :
See where he sits to plead our cause,
By his almighty Father's side !

3 How shall we, pardoned rebels, show
How much we love our Saviour God ?
Lord ! here we'd banish every foe—
We hate the sins which cost thy blood.

The Lord's Supper.

- HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
 And view salvation with our eyes,
 And taste and feel the living Word,
 The Bread descending from the skies.
- 2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
 Hast set his blood before our face,
 To teach the terrors of thy name,
 And show the wonders of thy grace.
- 3 Jesus, our light! our morning-star!
 Shine thou on nations yet unknown;
 The glory of thy people here,
 And joy of spirits near thy throne.

291

- NOW to the Lord, who make us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honors paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our eternal King,
 Be everlasting power confessed;
 Let every tongue his glory sing.

292

- JESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring;
 Accept the well-deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
 Like that blest hour, when from above
 We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 Let every moment, as it flies,
 Increase thy praise—improve our joys,
 Till we are raised to sing thy name,
 And taste the supper of the Lamb.

The Lord's Supper.

Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
 Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends;
 Thy dying love the noblest praise
 Of long eternity transcends.

2 'Tis pleasure, more than earth can give,
 Thy glories through these vails to see:
 Celestial food thy table yields,
 And happy they who sit with thee!

294

HE dies, the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!

But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus the dead revives again!

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)

Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

4 Break off your tears you saints and tell,
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns;

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains!

5 Say, live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!

Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

295

WHEN we the sacred grave survey,
 In which our Saviour deign'd to lie,
 We see fulfill'd what prophets say,
 And all the power of death defy.

2 Then, though in dust we lay our head,
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave

Our flesh forever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

The Fellowship or Collection.

OUR gracious Lord, we own thy right,
 To every service we can pay;
 May it be our supreme delight,
 To hear thy mandates and obey.

2 What is our being but for thee—
 Its sure support—its noblest end?

Oh may our pleasure ever be
 To serve the cause of such a friend.

3 We would not breathe for worldly joy,
 Or to increase our earthly good:
 But would our future days employ
 To spread thy glorious name abroad.

4 These gifts e'en perish in the use;
 And yet, O Lord, they're all we have:
 Forbid that we should e'er refuse
 What thou art willing to receive.

5 Thy work our hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more;
 And our last hour of life confess
 Thy saving love—thy glorious power.

297

PRAISE you the Lord, our hearts shall join,
 In work so pleasant, so divine:
 Our days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life and time and thought shall last.

2 Happy the man whose thoughts rely
 On Israel's God, who made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, and all their train—
 He shall not find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure;
 He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor:
 He helps the stranger in distress—
 The widow and the fatherless.

Departure of Brethren.

THERE is a heaven above the skies—
 A heaven where pleasure never dies—
 A heaven—the place of his abode—
 The glorious palace of our God.

2 And thither tend our weary feet:
 Narrow the road, and strait the gait:—
 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,
 To lure us from Immanuel's ground.

3 But glory be to God on high,
 Whose word is sure, whose power is nigh
 Unequal to the foes we dread,
 We trust in Christ our glorious head.

4 Farewell, dear brethren in the Lord,
 Confide in Christ—believe his word:
 These trials but our graces prove:
 Be faithful to the God you love.

299

WE'RE 'listed in the holy war,
 Content the soldier's toils to share;
 Hope is our helmet—faith our shield—
 Our foe is sin—the world the field.

2 With sacred truth, our loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires our heart:
 Thus armed we venture on the fight,
 Resolved to put the foe to flight.

3 May Jesus kindly deign to spread,
 His glorious banner o'er our head:
 While clouds of witnesses look down,
 Oh may we seize the victor's crown!

Doxology.

Join all on earth in heaven above,
 In honor, blessing, glory, love!
 Sing praises to the great "I Am."
 Sing praises to the spotless Lamb.

Conclusion.

HAIL, God our Father, glorious King!
 Hail, Jesus, Lord, of thee we sing:
 Thy death, thy life, thy love shall be
 Our anthem through eternity.

2 Ye glittering orbs around the skies,
 That speak his glories in disguise;
 Your silent circlings ne'er can tell
 The wisdom of Immanuel.

3 Tall mountains that beset the sky,
 With all the hills that round you lie,
 While time endures, you ne'er can tell
 The grandeur of Immanuel.

4 Ye seas, tumultuous as you roar,
 Whose billows bound from shore to shore,
 Your thundering voices ne'er can tell
 The power of our Immanuel.

5 Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng
 Through every clime extend your song:
 Your thousand tongues would fail to tell
 The love of our Immanuel.

6 His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
 And glory roll from soul to soul;
 The word of God alone shall tell
 The glories of Immanuel.

End of Service.

Service in Sevens.

PRAISE the Lord—his glory bless—
 Praise him in his holiness;
 Praise him as the theme inspires,
 Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
 Spread its loudest notes around;
 Let the harp unite in praise,
 With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
 God, the Lord of righteousness;
 Tune your voice to spread the fame
 Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light,
 In his praise your hearts unite;
 While the stream of song is poured,
 Praise and magnify the Lord.

302

PRAISE, oh praise the name divine,
 Praise him at the hallowed shrine:
 Let the firmament on high
 To its Maker's praise reply.

2 All who vital breath enjoy,
 In his praise that breath employ;
 Heaven and earth the chorus join;
 Praise—oh praise the name divine.

303

ON thy church, O power divine,
 Cause thy glorious face to shine;
 Till the nations from afar
 Hail her as their guiding star.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
 Scatter blessings o'er the land;
 And the world's remotest bound
 With the voice of praise resound.

Nuremburgh 179. 304 7s. Benson

PRAISE to God—immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days:
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land;
 All that liberal autumn pours,
 From her rich o'erflowing stores.

3 These, to that dear source we owe,
 Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
 These, through all my happy days,
 Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4 Lord, to thee my soul shall raise
 Grateful, never-ending praise;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone.

305

TO thy pastures, fair and large,
 Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
 And my couch, with tenderest care,
 Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint, with summer's heat,
 Thou shalt guide my weary feet,
 To the streams, that, still and slow,
 Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'erspread;
 With thy rod and staff supplied,
 This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant, to my latest end,
 Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
 And shalt bid thy hallowed dome,
 Yield me an eternal home.

Edyfield 169.

306 7s.

Adullum 173.

"GIVE us room, that we may dwell,"

Zion's children cry aloud :

See their numbers—how they swell !

How they gather like a cloud !

2 Oh how bright the morning seems !

Brighter from so dark a night :

Zion is like one that dreams,

Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo ! thy sun goes down no more,

God himself will be thy light :

All that caused thee grief before

Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine !

Lo ! thy light from heaven is come !

These that crowd from far are thine ;

Give thy sons and daughters room.

307

Harp 255.

HARK ! the song of jubilee,

Loud, as mighty thunders roar ;

Or the fulness of the sea,

When it breaks upon the shore.

2 See Jehovah's banners furled !

Sheathed his sword—he speaks—'tis done !

Now the kingdoms of this world

Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole

With supreme, unbounded sway :]

He shall reign, when, like a scroll,

Ycnder heavens have passed away !

4 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,

God omnipotent shall reign :

Hallelujah !—let the word

Echo round the earth and main.

WAKE the song of jubilee,
 Let it echo o'er the sea !
 Now is come the promised hour ;
 Jesus reigns with sovereign power !

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
 ' Christ, of lords and kings is King !'
 Let it sound from shore to shore,
 Jesus reigns forevermore.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
 And the islands join their voice ;
 Yea, the whole creation sings,
 ' Jesus is the King of kings !'

309

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise ;
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heavenly bread ;
 Here, in hope of glory blest,
 May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
 While the sea shall gird the land ;
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky,
 To the joyful sound reply ;
 Hallelujah !—hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

Hallelujah.

Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord :
 Praise the Father—Praise the Word :
 Ever may their fame extend—
 Never may their praises end.

The Reading of the Scriptures.

HOLY Bible, thou art ours—
Ours, with all thy heavenly powers :
Ours to teach us whence we came—
Ours to lead us to the Lamb.

2 Ours to chide us when we rove—
Lead us back and make us love :
Thou art ours to guide our feet—
Ours to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Ours to comfort in distress ;
Still our fears, support and bless :
Ours to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

4 Ours to tell of joys to come,
And disclose a heavenly home :
O thou precious look of God !
We are saved by Jesus' blood.

311

HE shall countless blessings find—
He, who with a steadfast mind,
Fears Jehovah, and obeys,
Walking in his holy ways.

2 Yes, for him who fears the Lord,
Choicest blessings are prepared :
God shall bless him from above,
With the gifts of endless love.

3 He shall see with joyful eyes,
Salem's glorious city rise ;
View his children's long increase,
And the church adorned with peace.

Hallelujah.

Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
Praise the Father ! Praise the Word !
Earth and heaven are full of grace ;
Fill them also full of praise.

Teaching and Preaching.

HERALDS of the King of kings,
 Preach the peace the gospel brings :
 Loud extol the incarnate Word,
 Preach you pardon through the Lord.

2 Celebrate, with every breath,
 All the merits of his death,
 Never cease to name the cross,
 Till the foe confess his loss.

3 Never be ashamed to tell,
 Jesus has done all things well,
 Reigns in heaven, all things knows ;
 Pleads for friends, and pardons foes.

4 There may you in chorus join,
 Blessing, praising love divine :
 While eternal ages roll,
 May you God and Christ extol.

313

SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all,
 Quick and powerful let it prove ;
 Oh may sinners hear thy call !
 Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless,
 Follow it with power divine ;
 Give the gospel great success—
 Thine the work—the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice,
 Send—oh send thy truth abroad ;
 Let the nations hear thy voice—
 Hear it, and return to God.

4 Heaven and earth partake his grace,
 Fill them both with sounding praise :
 He forever shall endure,
 Sound his praise forevermore.

The Lord's Supper.

BREAD of heaven ! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed :

Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread !

2 Vine of heaven ! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice :

Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died ;

Lord of life ! oh let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee !

315

MANY woes had Christ endured,

Many sore temptations met ;

Patient, and to pains inur'd ;

But the sorest trial yet

Was to be sustained in thee,

Gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

2 Came at length the dreadful hour,

Satan, with his iron rod,

Stood, and with collected power,

Bruised the harmless Lamb of God :

See, my soul, thy Saviour see,

Weeping in Gethsemane.

4 Haste we to the Lamb of God,

In him there is boundless store ;

Seek salvation by his blood :

Praise his name forevermore :

Doleful, dark Gethsemane,

Leads to darker Calvary.

5 Praise eternal let us sing,

To the everlasting God ;

Great deliv'rance to our King,

Comes from his divine abode :

He hath cheer'd Gethsemane,

Conquered death and Calvary.

The Fellowship or Collection.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a Child is born ;
 From the highest realms of heaven
 Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear,
 Power and majesty—and wear,
 On his vesture and his thigh,
 Names most awful—names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
 Christ th' incarnate Deity,
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
 King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
 Yield to him the homage meet ;
 From the manger to his throne,
 Homage due to God alone.

317

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Veiled in flesh—the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity;
 Pleased as man with men t' appear,
 See the great Immanuel here.

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.

Departure of Brethren.

SON of God, thy blessing grant ;
 Still supply their every want :
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,
 Cover their defenceless head.

2 All their hopes on thee depend,
 Love them, save them to the end :
 Give them thy supporting grace,
 Take the everlasting praise.

3 Soon the days of life shall end ;
 Soon will come our heavenly Friend :
 Safe our spirits to convey,
 To the realms of endless day,

319

GLORIOUS Lord, with heavenly powers,
 Kindle these poor hearts of ours :
 Chase the shades of night away,
 Turn the darkness into day.

2 Glorious Lord, disclose thy face ;
 Let us all thy beauties trace ;
 Let us all thy truth approve ;
 Fill us with thy glorious love.

3 Glorious Lord, O reign alone,
 Make our breasts thy constant throne :
 Whom the world cannot receive,
 Let within our bosom live.

Hallelujah.

Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored ;
 Lord, thy mercies never fail,
 Hail celestial goodness hail.

Conclusion.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll ;
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh ! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, O ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 Boundless love in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 Prince of Peace and Righteousness,
 Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
 Thou art full of grace and truth. :

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

End of the Service in 7s.

Short Metre Service.

STAND up, and bless the Lord
 Ye people of his choice ;
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear his holy name,
 And laud, and magnify ?

3 Oh for the living flame,
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips—our minds inspire,
 And raise to heaven our thought !

4 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours ;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore ;
 Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth forevermore.

322

WE sing the glories of thy love,
 We sound thy dreadful name :
 The christian church unites the songs
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works
 Of vengeance and of grace !
 Thou King of saints—almighty Lord—
 How just and true thy ways !

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
 Or worship at thy throne ?
 Thy judgments speak thy holiness
 Through all the nations known.

HOW honored is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
While walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears :
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

324

THE present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

2 One thing demands our care ;
Oh ! be that still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

3 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

BEHOLD ! the grace appears,
 The blessing promised long ;
 Angels announce the Saviour near,
 In this triumphant song.

2 "Glory to God on high,
 And heavenly peace on earth ;
 Good-will to men—to angels joy,
 At the Redeemer's birth !"

3 In worship so divine,
 Let men employ their tongues ;
 With the celestial host we join,
 And loud repeat their songs.

4 "Glory to God on high,
 And heavenly peace on earth ;
 Good-will to men—to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer's birth !"

326

REJOICE in Jesus's birth !
 To us a Son is given,
 To us a Child is born on earth,
 Who made both earth and heaven !

2 He reigns above the sky,
 This universe sustains—
 The Lord supreme—the Lord most high,
 The king Messiah reigns !

3 Th' almighty Lord—is he,
 Author of heavenly bliss !
 The Father of Eternity,
 The glorious Prince of Peace !

4 His government shall grow,
 From strength to strength proceed ;
 His righteousness the church o'erflow,
 And all the earth o'erspread.

St. Thomas 120. 327 S. M. Pantonville 120.

WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford;
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"The Savior born!"

Hudson. 328 Haverhill.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God hath raised his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And made him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

Dover 130.

329 S. M.

Pentonville 120.

JESUS, the conqueror, reigns,
 In glorious strength arrayed :
 His kingdom over all maintains,
 And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
 In Jesus's mighty love :
 Lift up your heart—lift up your voice,
 To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power,
 Adore th' exalted Son,
 Who died, but lives, to die no more.
 High on his Father's throne.

4 Our advocate with God,
 He undertakes our cause,
 And spreads through all the earth abroad
 The victory of his cross.

330

WE lift our hearts to thee,
 Thou Day-star from on high ;
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 Oh let thy rising beams,
 Dispel the shades of night
 And let the glories of thy love,
 Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now—
 How dark and sad before ;
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past ;
 And live this short revolving day,
 As if it were our last.

Dover 130.

331 S. M.

Pentonville 121

JESUS, the truth, the way,
 The sure unerring light;
 On thee our feeble souls would stay,
 For thou wilt lead us right.

2 Our wisdom and our guide,
 Our counsellor thou art;
 O never let us leave thy side,
 Or from thy paths depart.

332

FIRM and unmoved are they,
 Who rest their souls on God;
 Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
 Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
 The city's sacred ground,
 So God, and his almighty love,
 Embrace his saints around.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with those,
 Whose faith and holy fear,
 Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.

333

AND will the God of grace
 Perpetual silence keep?
 The God of justice hold his peace,
 And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Arise, almighty God,
 Assume thy sovereign sway
 Before thy throne bid sinners bow,
 And yield their hearts to thee.

3 Let all the nations know,
 And spread thy name abroad;
 Let all who dwell on earth confess,
 Their Saviour and their God.

Dover 130.

334 S. M.

Utica 135.

O LORD, our heavenly King,
 Thy name is all divine ;
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
 I raise my wondering eyes,
 And see the moon, complete in light,
 Adorn the darksome skies.

3 When I survey the stars,
 And all their shining forms,
 Lord, what is man—that worthless thing,
 Akin to dust and worms ?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
 That thou shouldst love him so ?
 Next to thine angels is he placed,
 And Lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are !
 How wondrous are thy ways !
 That from the dust, thy power should frame
 A monument of praise.

335

NOT with our mortal eyes,
 Have we beheld the Lord,
 Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
 And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
 Of our Redeemer's face ;
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
 To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we feel thy love,
 Diviner joys arise ;
 On wings of faith we soar above
 To mansions in the skies.

Prayers for Men.

- OUR heavenly Father, hear,
 The prayer we offer now ;
 Thy name be hallowed far and near,
 To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come—thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfil
 Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
 While by thy word we live ;
 The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive—as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
 From satan's wiles defend ;
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine shall forever be
 Glory and power divine ;
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty
 Of heaven and earth are thine.
- 6 Thus humbly taught to pray
 By thy beloved Son,
 Through him we come to thee, and say,
 'All for his sake be done !'

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- O GOD of boundless grace,
 We bow before thy throne,
 And plead, for all the human race,
 The merits of thy Son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
 The knowledge of thy ways ;
 And let all lands with joy record
 The great Redeemer's praise.

Reading of the Scriptures.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried—when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

339

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name—
How fearful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

Preaching and Teaching.

YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait ;
 With joy obey his heavenly word,
 And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame ;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.

3 Watch !—'tis the Lord's command,
 And while we speak, he's near :
 Mark the first signal of his hand
 And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he,
 In such a posture found !
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

341

YE messengers of Christ,
 His sovereign voice obey ;
 Arise, and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way !

2 The Master whom you serve
 Will needful strength bestow ;
 Depending on his promised aid,
 With sacred courage—go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame ;
 Go, tell his matchless grace ;
 Proclaim salvation full and free
 To Adam's guilty race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
 And hell in vain oppose ;
 The cause is God's—and will prevail
 In spite of all his foes.

Reception of Members.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestowed;
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
 That we should be unknown;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made:
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure;
 May purge our souls from sense and sin
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

343

SHALL we go on to sin,
 Because thy grace abounds,
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it mighty God!
 Nor let it e'er be said,
 That we, whose sins are crucified,
 Should raise them from the dead

3 We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free,
 Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,
 And bought our liberty.

The Lord's Supper.

HUNGRY and faint and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again,
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we should starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give.
Oh! hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

345

COME, gracious Saviour, come,
Let thy glad beams arise;
Dispel all sorrows from our minds,
And darkness from our eyes.

2 Forgive us every sin;
For here we see thy blood:
The wonders of thy grace reveal—
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
And doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
And sanctify the soul;
The holy Spirit to impart,
And re-create the whole.

5 Dwell in each humble heart,
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we pray and praise and love
Our Father, Lord, and thee.

Collection.

- GREAT** God, at thy command,
 Seasons in order rise ;
 Thy power, and love in concert reign,
 Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 With grateful gifts we own,
 Thy providential hand ;
 While grass for kine, and herb, and corn
 For men enrich the land.
- 3 But greater still the gift
 Of thy beloved Son :
 By him forgiveness, peace and joy,
 Through endless ages run.

347

- OH bless the Lord, my soul !
 His grace to thee proclaim :
 And all that is within me join
 To bless his holy name.
- 2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul ;
 His mercies bear in mind ;
 Forget not all his benefits :
 The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3 He will not always chide ;
 He will with patience wait ;
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.
- 4 He pardons all thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
 He healeth thy infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.
- 5 Then bless his holy name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole ;
 Whose loving kindness crowns thy days ;
 Oh bless the Lord, my soul !

Departure of Brethren.

- O LAND of rest for which I sigh,
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armour by,
 And dwell in peace at home !
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I view,
 No peaceful shelt'ring dome,
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home .
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And fly for refuge to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 When by affliction sorely tried
 I view the gaping tomb,
 Although I dread death's chilling tide,
 Yet still I sigh for home.
- 5 Weary of toil and wand'ring round
 This vale of sin and gloom ;
 I long to quit the unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.
- 6 Weary of toil and wand'ring round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to quit the unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

- MY soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great ;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

*Conclusion.**First.*

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse ;—

Second.

Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

First.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son :—

Second.

Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

Congregation.

8 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

First.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redermer made :—

Second.

Let us rejoice—and sing—and pray—
Let all the church be glad.

First.

5 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood:

Second.

Bless him, ye saints—he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

Congregation.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

End of the Church Department.

GOSPEL DEPARTMENT.

FAITH.

Consolation.

Mo. Harmony.

Salvation.

The Christian Proposition.

MEEKLY in Jordan's ancient stream,
The great Redeemer bow'd ;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam,
That hushed the wondring crowd.

2 "Behold my Son—the well beloved,"
Proclaimed the heavenly voice :
O sinners hear the saving word,
And make this Christ your choice.

Doxology.

Glory to God on high, be given,
Who pitied dying men—
Who sent Messiah down from heaven,
And owned him when he came.

2 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Hosanna.

Hosanna to the Prince of Life !
Who bow'd in Jordan's wave :
He rose again—the Son of God—
Omnipotent to save.

2 Hosanna to Messiah come !
From Jordan's sacred flood,
He rises, and the Eternal owns
Messiah Son of God.

Faith.

IN Jordan's wave the Baptist stands,
 Immersing the repenting Jews ;
 Messiah come—the rite demands,
 Nor dares the holy man refuse :
 Jesus descends beneath the wave,
 The emblem of his future grave !

2 But, lo ! from yonder opening skies,
 What beams of dazzling glory spread !
 Dove-like the Holy Spirit flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head :
 Amaz'd they see the power divine
 Around the Saviour's temples shine. 1

3 Then does the Father loud proclaim,
 In audience of the wond'ring crowd,
 Attend all nations, hear the name
 His Father gave ; he spoke aloud :
 " This is my well-beloved Son !
 I see well pleased what he has done ! "

GLORY to God ! our Saviour lies
 In deeps concealed from human view :
 Mortals behold him sink and rise—
 A fit example sure for you :
 The sacred record while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.

2 Behold th' Eternal Father speak
 And shake creation with his word,
 Through parting skies the accents break,
 " My Son ! the well-beloved—your Lord ! "
 O sinners hear this word to-day—
 Hear it all nations and obey.

Faith.

- FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight ;
It pierces through the vail of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word ;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.
- 4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven ;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.
- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye ;
By faith we walk the narrow way
That leads to joys on high.

355

- 'TIS faith that purifies the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
It bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 2 This faith shall every fear control,
By its celestial power :
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.
- 3 By faith, where'er his hand shall lead,
The darkest path we'll tread :
By faith we'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

Faith.

- FAITH** adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves us from its snares :
 It yields support in all our toils,
 And softens all our cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power
 The healing balm to give ;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.
- 3 Wide it unvails the heavenly world,
 Where endless pleasures reign ;
 It bids us seek our portion there,
 Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 4 Faith shows the promises, all sealed
 With our Redeemer's blood ;
 It helps our feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.
- 5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
 Till this frail body dies :
 And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
 To endless glory rise.

357

- 'TIS faith surmounts these lower skies,
 And looks within the veil ;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold with sweet delight,
 The blest, the glorious One,
 And strong affections fix my sight,
 On God's beloved Son.
- 3 Light are the pains that nature brings,
 How short our sorrows are !
 When with eternal mansions things
 Now present we compare.
- 4 I would not be a stranger still,
 To that celestial place,
 Where I forever hope to dwell,
 Near my Redeemer's face.

Faith.

- 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
 We walk through deserts dark as night;
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide—and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
 She makes the pearly gates appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar—and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

359

- NOT to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ the Son of God appear;
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword, no thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God—
 He loved the race of man so well—
 He sent his son to bear our load
 Of sin, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners believe the Father's word,
 Trust in the name of Christ and live:
 A thousand joys his lips afford;
 His hand a thousand blessings give.
- 4 Say, "we believe the heavenly word,
 And fain would have our souls renew'd;
 We mourn our sins, believe him Lord—
 O pardon! for we sink subdued."
- 5 Lord, let thy grace its power display;
 Let guilt and death no longer reign;
 Save them in thine appointed way,
 Nor let their humble faith be vain.

Faith.

COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrims! hither come.

2 Hither come—for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace, which ever shall endure—
Rest, eternal—sacred—sure!

361

SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep—arise from death—
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path—be wise,
Leave thy folly—seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly—cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure, without delay,
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 Oh! then, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake! and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

362

DEPTHS of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for thee?
Can our God his wrath forbear?
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 Thou hast long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

Faith.

HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you,
 Now with sweetest voice she calls;
 Bids you haste—accept the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls:
 Hear, O Sinner—
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See the storm of vengeance gathering,
 O'er the path you dare to tread;
 The reward which God is measuring,
 Soon shall fall upon your head:
 Turn, O sinner—
 Lest his lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, and flee to Christ your Saviour,
 Seek his mercy while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over,
 Soon your life must pass away:
 Haste, O sinner—
 You must perish if you stay.

364

HAIL, thou happy morn, so glorious,
 Come, you saints, your griefs give o'er:
 Sing how Jesus rose victorious,
 By the heavenly Father's power:
 Hallelujah—
 Jesus reign forevermore.

2 Countless bands of angels glorious,
 When they saw the Lord arise,
 Sounded in a peal victorious,
 Glory through the vaulted skies:
 Hallelujah—
 Men and angels saw him rise.

Faith.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there :
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land

366

SHALL God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?
And all these pleas unite in vain ?

2 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue :
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

3 Almighty God ! thy grace impart ;
Fix deep conviction on each heart :
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

367

HARK ! from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease !
Sinner ! that voice of love obey,
From Christ, the true, the living way.

2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
When he in judgment shall appear ?
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn ?

3 Now from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease—
O sinner, while 'tis called to-day,
That voice of saving love obey.

Faith.

- THE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound ;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here, streams of bounty flow ;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice ;
 That gracious voice obey ;
 'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
 And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour ! draw reluctant hearts ;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink—and never die.

369

- ALL ye, who feel distressed for sin,
 And fear eternal wo,
 You Christ invites to enter in—
 This hour to Jesus go !
- 2 He, by his own almighty word,
 Will all your fears remove ;
 For every wound his precious blood
 A sovereign balm shall prove.
- 3 His conquering grace shall set you free
 From sin's oppressive chains,
 From Satan's hateful tyranny,
 And everlasting pains.
- 4 Come then, ye heavy laden—come
 His instant help implore :
 Millions have found a peaceful home—
 There's room for millions more.

Faith.

- SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
 His mercy speaks to-day ;
 He calls you by his sovereign word,
 From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
 You live devoid of peace ;
 A thousand stings within your breast,
 Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go ?
 In pain you travail all your days,
 To reap immortal wo !
- 4 But he, who turns to God, shall live
 Through his abounding grace :
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,
 Of those who seek his face.
- 5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
 Renouncing every sin ;
 Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
 And learn his will divine.
- 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts !
 He pardons like a God !
 He will forgive your numerous faults
 Through our Redeemer's blood.

371

- SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
 Who takes away our guilt ;
 Look to th' atoning precious blood,
 That for our sins he spilt.
- 2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
 Invited by his word ;
 The chief of sinners need not fear ;
 Behold the Lamb of God.
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
 And washes in his blood ;
 Arise—return from grievous falls ;
 Behold the Lamb of God.

Faith.

OH, cease! thou wandring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, poor soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

373

NOW yesterday's away!
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne?
2 Oh hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart:
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word—depart.

374

IS this the kind return,
Are these the thanks you owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all your blessings flow.
2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced your mind:
What strange rebellious mortals you,
And God so strangely kind!
3 Turn—turn them, mighty Lord,
And mould their souls afresh;
Break, grace divine, these hearts of stone,
And give them hearts of flesh.

Faith.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For every humble guest.
 2 There Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls—he bids you come :
 Though guilt restrains—and fear alarms,
 Behold, there yet is room.
 3 Oh ! come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love ;
 While hope expects the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
 4 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In songs on earth unknown.
 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come :
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 And enter while there's room.

376

HOW much the drooping hearts revive
 Of those who fear the Lord ;
 When sinners dead are made alive,
 By his reviving word !
 2 The servants of the Lord rejoice,
 When souls receive the word—
 When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
 Return and love the Lord.
 3 The church of God their praises join,
 And of salvation sing ;
 They glorify the grace divine
 Of their victorious King.
 4 In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
 Around the throne rejoice :
 But sinners sav'd should swell the song
 With loudest—sweetest voice.

Faith.

- HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place:
 My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

378

- HOW free and boundless is the grace
 Of our redeeming God!
 Extending to the Greek and Jew,
 And men of ev'ry blood.
- 2 The mightiest king, the meanest slave,
 May his rich mercy taste;
 He bids the beggar and the prince
 Unto the gospel feast.
- 3 None are excluded thence, but those
 Who do themselves exclude;
 Welcome the learned and polite,
 The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come, then, you men of ev'ry name,
 Of ev'ry tribe and tongue;
 What you are willing to receive
 Does unto you belong.

Faith.

- ASHAM'D of Christ! our souls disdain
 The mean, ungen'rous thought;
 Shall we disown that friend whose blood
 To man salvation brought?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace
 From heaven to earth he came;
 For us endur'd the painful cross,
 For us despised the shame.
- 3 To his command let us submit
 Ourselves without delay;
 Our lives—yea, thousand lives, if ours,
 His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful foll'wer Jesus views
 With infinite delight,
 Their lives to him are dear—their death
 Is precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
 Our highest honor this!
 Who nobly suffers for him now
 Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we in the evil day,
 From our profession fly,
 Jesus, the judge, before the world
 The traitors will deny.

380

- HOSANNA to our conquering King!
 All hail, incarnate love!
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait
 To crown thy head above.
- 2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
 Through all the world shall run,
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs thou hast won.

REPENTANCE.

Bath.

381 C. M.

St. Martina.

YE men and angels, witness now,
 Before the Lord they speak ;
 To him they make their solemn vow,
 A vow they dare not break.

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
 Themselves to Christ they yield ;
 Nor from his cause will they depart,
 Or ever quit the field.

3 Not trusting to their native strength,
 They on his grace rely :
 And he to their returning wants,
 Will needful help supply.

4 Yes, he will guide their feet aright,
 And keep them in his ways ;
 And while they turn their sighs to prayers,
 He'll turn their prayers to praise.

382

AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on :
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 A bright, immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey :—
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour—introduced by thee,
 Have we our race begun ;
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
 We'll lay our laurels down.

Repentance.

SHOW pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive,

Let a repenting rebel live ;

Are not thy mercies large and free ?

May not a sinner trust in thee ?

My crimes are great—but can't surpass

The power and glory of thy grace :

Great God, thy nature hath no bound,

So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,

And make my guilty conscience clean ;

Here, on my heart, the burden lies,

And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,

Against thy law—against thy grace :

Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,

I am condemned—but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath

I must pronounce thee just in death ;

And if my soul were sent to hell,

Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,

Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,

Would light on some sweet promise there.

Some sure support against despair.

384

UP to the fields where angels lie,

And living waters gently roll ;

Fain would their thoughts ascend on high

But sin hangs heavy on their soul.

2 O might they once mount up and see

The glories of th' eternal skies,

How vain a thing this world would be !

How empty all its fleeting joys !

3 Great All in All—Eternal King,

May they but humbly seek thy face,

Then all their powers shall bow and sing

Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

Repentance.

ARISE, in all thy splendor, Lord,
 Let power attend thy gracious word;
 Unvail the beauties of thy face,
 And show the glories of thy grace.
 2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
 And be thou known th' almighty God;
 Make bare thine arm—thy power display,
 While truth and grace thy sceptre sway,
 3 Send forth thy messengers of peace,
 Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
 Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
 That all the world thy power may own.

386

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,
 Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
 Oh bid the morning-star arise,
 Oh point the heathen to the skies.
 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 In western wilds, and heathen plains,
 Far let the gospel's sound be known;
 Make thou the universe thine own.
 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
 Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
 Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
 Bid every nation hail the light.

337

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King;
 Now spread thy glories all abroad;
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious God;
 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.
 3 Oh let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
 Let saints and angels praise thy name
 Be thou thro' heaven and earth adored.

Repentance.

- STRETCH'D on a bed of death,
 In silence long I lay ;
 For sore disease and wasting pain,
 Had worn my strength away.
- 2 Sweet mercy to my soul,
 Reveal'd no cheering ray ;
 Before me rose a long dark night,
 With no succeeding day.
- 3 I saw beyond the tomb,
 The awful Judge appear,
 Prepared to scan with strict account,
 My blessings wasted here.
- 4 Then O, how vain appeared
 The joys beneath the sky !
 Like visions past, like flowers that blow,
 When winter storms are nigh.
- 5 How mourned my sinking soul,
 The holy day divine—
 The day of God—that precious day,
 Consumed in sense and sin.
- 6 Then on my God I call'd,
 And made my mournful cry—
 "Hear me, O Lord, and save my soul,
 Lest I forever die."
- 7 He heard my humble prayer,
 And sav'd my soul from death ;
 I rose in health to consecrate
 To him, my soul—my breath.
- 8 O sinner, fear the Lord,
 While yet 'tis call'd to-day ;
 Return in health, lest death's dread voice
 Command your soul away.
- 9 Soon will the harvest close,
 The summer soon be o'er :
 And soon your injured, angry Lord,
 Will hear your prayers no more.

Repentance.

- AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die ;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high.
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 That only rest for which it pants,
 On the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 I suffer on my three score years,
 Till my deliverer come ;
 And wipe away his servants' tears,
 And take his exiles home.
- 5 O what has Jesus done for me,
 Before my ravished eyes,
 Rivers of life, divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise.
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there ;
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conq'ring palms they bear.
- 7 O, what are all my sufferings here,
 If Lord thou count me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear
 And worship at thy feet.
- 8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But let me have those friends again,
 In that eternal day.

Repentance.

CRUSH'D as the moth beneath thy hand,
Men moulder into dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

2 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
Like them I wait thy time to go—
Like them—thy voice to hear.

3 But should my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
I'll still declare thy love.

4 Come then, my blessed Saviour, come,
Thy gracious Spirit give:
Shine through this weak—this waiting heart,
And all my powers revive.

5 My soul would fain indulge the hope,
To reach the heavenly shore:
And when I drop this dying flesh,
That I shall sin no more.

6 That there I shall behold the Lamb,
Who once for sin was slain;
But rose triumphant o'er the grave,
And on his throne doth reign.

7 I hope to hear and join the song,
That saints and angels raise;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

8 Come then, O blessed Saviour, come,
Thy gracious Spirit give;
And make thy servant useful here,
As long as he shall live.

Repentance.

- WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our pains,
 And long to soar away.
- 2 Sweet to look outward and attend
 His promises of love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the place,
 Where Jesus reigns above.
- 3 Sweet to look back and know our names
 In life's fair book set down ;
 Sweet to look forward and behold
 Eternal joys our own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 Our sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that his blood,
 Our debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on his holy covenant,
 For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith
 To trust his holy word ;
 Sweet to recline upon his arms,
 And know that he's the Lord.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Whence saints and angels draw this bliss
 Through all eternity.
- 8 O, may we ever live while here,
 To glorify thy name ;
 Till in thy courts we all appear,
 Before thee and the Lamb.

Repentance.

AFFLICTED soul, to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 "I tremble to approach this way:"
 He has engaged by firm decree,
 That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
 And though the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
 For as thy days thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
 That as thy days thy strength shall be.

5 When called to bear the weighty cross,
 Of sore affliction, pain or loss,
 Or deep distress or poverty;
 Still as thy days thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 His presence shall thy fears subdue;
 He comes to set thy spirit free;
 And as thy days thy strength shall be.

393

AWAKE, poor soul, lift up thine eyes;
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array a numerous host;
 Awake, poor soul, or thou art lost.

2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
 Perils and snares beset thee round:
 Come now, poor soul, awake thou must,
 Or be forever—ever lost.

Repentance.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found—and peace is given;
 But soon—ah soon! approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites—how blest the day
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste—oh haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave;
 Before his bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear, or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Gospels heavenly light shall rise;
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how blessed the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

395

INQUIRING souls who long to find
 Pardon of sin and peace of mind;
 Attend the voice of God to-day,
 And seek his love the good old way.

2 The righteous, the all-precious blood
 Of Jesus, is the way to God;
 Arise, and be baptized, nor stay,
 But follow Christ the good old way.

3 The prophets and apostles too,
 Pursued this path while here below:
 Then let not fear your soul dismay,
 But come to Christ the good old way.

Repentance.

- JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went—
 The road that leads from banishment—
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief and burden long had been
 That I had not been saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither soul, I am the way."
- 5 'Then glad I came to him, blest Lamb !
 And made confession of his name ;
 Myself alone had I to give ;
 Nothing but love did I receive.
- 6 Now will I tell to sinners round,
 What a blest Saviour I have found :
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

397

- ETERNAL Sovereign, Lord of all,
 Prostrate before thy throne I fall ;
 The guide and strength of all my ways,
 Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.
- 2 Be this my glory when I rise
 To that bright world above the skies ;
 Forever there this song I'll raise,
 Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.

Repentance.

- A**WAKE my soul in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from thee—
 His loving kindness, O how free !
- 2** He saw thee ruined by the fall,
 Yet loved thee, notwithstanding all;
 He saved thee from thy lost estate;
 His loving kindness, O how great !
- 3** Though numerous hosts of mighty foes
 Though sin and death my way oppose;
 He safely leads my soul along;
 His loving kindness, O how strong !
- 4** Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
 Soon all my mortal powers shall fail,
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death.
- 5** Then let me mount and soar away,
 To the bright worlds of endless day;
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies.

399

- F**AR from my thoughts vain world begone,
 Let my religious hours alone:
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2** Bless'd Saviour, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above,
 Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 3** Hail, great Immanuel, all divine;
 In thee thy Father's glories shine;
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

Repentance.

WAK'D by the gospel trumpet's sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 Nor dar'd to Jesus go:
 O'erwhelmed with sin, with anguish slain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or sink to endless woe.

2 Amaz'd I stood but could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 For death and hell drew near:
 I strove indeed but strove in vain:
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Still sounded in my ear.

3 When from the word I trembling fled,
 It poured its judgments on my head—
 I no relief could find;
 This fearful truth increased my pain—
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare:
 Yet still I found this truth remain—
 "The sinner must be born again"—
 I sank in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay
 Afraid, ashamed to go the way—
 The way of Christ on high,
 I rose amid my torturing pain,
 In faith baptized, was "born again"
 To hopes beyond the sky.

6 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tuned their harps anew,
 And loftier songs did raise:
 All hail! the Lamb that once was slain,
 Unnumbered millions born again,
 Shall shout thine endless praise.

Repentance

FOUNT of everlasting love,
 Rich thy streams of mercy are ;
 Flowing purely from above,
 Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo! the church, thy garden now,
 Blooms beneath the heavenly shower
 Sinners feel, and melt, and bow,
 Mild, but mighty is thy power.

3 God of grace, before thy throne,
 Here our warmest thanks we bring ;
 Thine the glory, thine alone ;
 Loudest praise to thee we sing.

4 Hear, O hear our grateful song ;
 Let thy spirit still descend :
 Roll the tide of grace along,
 Widening, deepening to the end.

402

LORD, thy church hath seen thee rise,
 To thy temple in the skies :
 Lord my Saviour ! Lord my King !
 Still thy ransomed round thee sing.

2 When in glories all divine,
 Through the earth thy church shall shine,
 Kings, in prayer and praise shall wait,
 Bending at thy temple's gate.

403

ON thy church, O Power divine,
 Cause thy glorious face to shine ;
 Till the nations from afar
 Hail her as their guiding star,

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
 Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
 And the world's remotest bound
 With the voice of praise resound.

Repentance.

- 1 LONG to see the seasons come,
 When sinners shall come flocking home,
 To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,
 And seek the joys that are above.
- 2 Hark ! the glorious gospel's sound—
 Inviting sinners all around ;
 Behold, your loving Saviour stands,
 And spread for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Then come, poor sinners, own your Lord ;
 Reform your lives, obey his word,
 He'll wash you in his precious blood
 And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days and you must go,
 To realms of joy or endless woe ;
 In worlds of light with Christ to dwell,
 Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.
- 5 Come then, dear sinners, counsel take,
 And all your sinful ways forsake ;
 The world give o'er, leave friends behind ;
 And in this Christ redemption find.
- 6 Take your companion by the hand,
 And all your children in a band ;
 And give them up at Jesus' call,
 To pardon, save, and bless them all.
- 7 Thus, when the day of Christ shall come,
 And he collect his jewels home,
 On Zion's mount you all shall stand,
 And join the bright angelic band.
- 8 O what a glorious company—
 May I be there that sight to see,
 And join in praise to Jesus' name,
 All glorious in Jerusalem.

Doxology.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise him all ye heavenly host,
 Praise him ye saints who owe him most.

New Orleans

405 C. M.

Repentance.

RELIGION is the chief concern

Of mortals here below :

May all its great importance learn—

Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth

Or aught the world bestows ;

Nor reputation, food, or health,

Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,

Amidst our youthful bloom

'Twill fit us for declining age,

Or for an early tomb.

4 O may our hearts, by grace renew'd,

Be our Redeemer's throne ;

And be our stubborn wills subdued,

His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,

Be joined with godly fear: .

And all our conversation prove

Our hearts to be sincere.

6 Preserve us from the snares of sin,

Through our remaining days,

And in us let each virtue shine

To our Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope our souls inspire,

Let warm affections rise ;

And may we wait with strong desire

To mount above the skies.

406

O THAT I knew the secret place,

Where I might find my God ;

I'd spread my wants before his face,

And pour my woes abroad.

2 Arise my soul from deep distress,

And banish every fear ;

He calls thee to his throne of grace,

To spread thy sorrows there.

Repentance.

- O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm, a heavenly frame—
 A sweet devotion on the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb! ,
 2 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 I'd tear with pleasure from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
 3 So should my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame,
 And pure devotion mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

408

- STOOP down my thoughts that used to rise,
 Converse awhile with death;
 Think how a panting mortal lies,
 And gasps away his breath.
 2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
 His pulse is faint and few;
 Then speechless with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.
 3 But O the soul that never dies,
 At once it leaves the clay;
 Its thoughts pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wondrous way.
 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts triumphing there,
 Or demons plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.
 5 And must this body faint and die?
 And must this soul remove?
 O for some guardian angel nigh
 To bear it safe above.
 6 Jesus, to thy blest faithful hand,
 My naked soul I trust;
 My flesh shall wait for thy command
 To drop into the dust.

Repentance.

- THEE we adore, Eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase,
 And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 Great God, on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 Th' eternal state of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings!
- 4 Infinite joy or endless woe,
 Attends on every breath,
 And yet how unconcerned we go
 Upon the brink of death.
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk the dangerous road;
 That if our souls be hurried hence,
 They may be found in God.

410

- THE time is short!—sinners, beware,
 Nor trifle time away;
 The word of his salvation hear,
 While yet 'tis called to-day.
- 2 The time is short!—O sinners, now,
 To Christ the Lord submit;
 To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
 And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 3 The time is short!—ye saints rejoice—
 The Lord will quickly come:
 Soon shall you hear the Saviour's voice,
 To call you to your home.
- 4 The time is short!—it swiftly flies—
 The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wished-for land.

Repentance.

- WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends.
 To call us to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move ?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow
 To keep us from his love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 There the blest flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a rich perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 And softened every bed ;
 Where should thy dying members rest,
 But with their dying head ?
- 5 Thence he arose ascending high,
 And show'd our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise ;
 Awake ye nations under ground,
 Ye saints ascend the skies.

412

- DEATH, 'tis a melancholy day,
 To those who have no God ;
 When the poor soul is forced away,
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
 For guilt, a heavy chain,
 Still drags her downward from the skies,
 To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day ;
 Come death, and come celestial band
 And bear my soul away.

Repentance.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,

We wretched sinners lay,

Without one cheerful beam of hope;

Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eye the Prince of Peace

Beheld our helpless grief;

He saw, and (O! amazing love!)

He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,

With joyful haste he fled,

Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,

And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love let rocks and hills

Their lasting silence break,

And all harmonious human tongues

Their Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels assist our mighty joy,

Strike all your harps of gold;

But when you raise your highest notes,

His love can ne'er be told.

414 7s.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,

While Jehovah's praise we sing:

Holy, holy, holy Lord,

Be thy glorious name ador'd!

2 Saints below, and saints above,

Sing the great Redeemer's love;

Lord, thy mercies never fail,

Hail celestial goodness, hail!

3 While on earth ordain'd to stay,

Guide our footsteps in the way,

Till we come to reign with thee,

And thy glorious greatness see.

4 Then in higher songs of praise,

We'll our grateful voices raise;

And through heaven's all-spacious round

Jesus' name shall ever sound.

Repentance.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appris'd.

4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread:
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

5 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why that's the way their leader trod—
They love and keep his ways.

6 Why must they shun the pleasant path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the way to death,
The open road to hell.

7 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God—
None other can be found.

8 Then let us in this way rejoice,
And in the truth abound,
Till Jesus with his angels comes,
And Michael's trump shall sound.

9 Then we shall mount on wings of love,
And meet in realms on high,
And saints and angels join in praise
Through all eternity.

Condescension. 416 C. M.

Repentance.

- LET avarice from shore to shore,
 Her idol—wealth, pursue:
 Thy word, O Lord, we value more,
 Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
 Are open to our sight;
 The purest gold without alloy,
 And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsel of redeeming grace,
 These sacred leaves unfold,
 And here the Saviour's lovely face,
 Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above,
 Directs our doubtful feet;
 Here promises of heav'nly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd
 And all our wants suppli'd;
 Nought can we ask to make us blest,
 Is in this book deni'd.
- 6 For these inestimable gains,
 That so enrich the mind;
 O may we reach with eager pains,
 Assur'd that we shall find.

417

- GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps on the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his gracious will.

3 You fearful saints fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

418

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who thro' this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each succeeding path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Repentance.

- O GOD**, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2** Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3** Before the hills in order stood;
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4** A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5** The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward with the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6** Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 7** O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!
- O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

BAPTISM.

Dover.

420 S. M.

Golden Hill.

DOWN to the sacred wave
 The Lord of life was led ;
 And he who came, our souls to save,
 In Jordan bowed his head.
 2 He taught the solemn way,
 He fixed the holy rite ;
 He bade his ransomed ones obey,
 And keep the path of light.
 3 The Holy Spir't came down,
 The baptism to approve ;
 The ordinance of Christ to crown,
 And stamp it with his love.
 4 Dear Saviour, we will tread
 In thy appointed way ;
 Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
 And smile on us to-day.

421

Church.

" CHOOSE ye his cross to bear,
 Who bowed to Jordan's wave ?
 Clad in his armor will ye dare,
 In faith, a watery grave ?

Candidates.

2 " We love his holy word,
 His precepts we obey,
 Buried in baptism with our Lord,
 We seek to be, this day."

Church.

3 All hail ! ye blessed band,
 Shrink not to do his will,
 In deep humility, this work
 Of righteousness fulfil.
 4 Tread in his steps, with prayer,
 Invoke his Spirit free,
 And as he burst the gates of death,
 So may your rising be.

Middleton.

422 S. M.

Baptism.

COME and behold the place,
 Where once your Saviour lay :
 Confess that he is Lord of all,
 And humble homage pay.

2 Laid in the watery grave,
 He quickly rose again ;
 Buried with him, we too shall rise,
 And endless life obtain.

3 Now may the Spirit crown
 With tokens of his grace,
 The solemn service of this day,
 And bid us go in peace.

423

SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
 Thy pure example bless,
 And with a firm, unwavering zeal
 Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
 By which the martyrs bled ;
 Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
 Our favored feet are led.

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
 Assembled in thy fear,
 The homage of obedient hearts
 We humbly offer here.

424

CONSTRAIN'D by love we come
 Down to the water-side,
 To imitate God's only Son—
 The convert's only guide.

2 Mortals, this is the way,
 Christ and th' Apostles trod :
 Reform and be immersed to-day—
 You shall be bless'd of God.

Baptism.

'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
 "Go teach the nations and baptize;"
 The nations have receiv'd the word
 Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills
 With grace and pardon in his hands;
 And sends his cov'nant with his seals,
 To bless the distant Pagan lands.

3 "Reform and be immers'd," he saith
 "For the remission of your sins,"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what the gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.

426

DESCENDING down into the flood,
 We his great suff'rings there behold,
 Who in deep waters for us stood,
 While floods of wrath upon him roll'd.

2 And when beneath the waters laid,
 Our breath suspended in their womb,
 We call to mind how Jesus died,
 And buried lay within the tomb.

3 As from the wat'ry grave we rise,
 And see him from death's prison freed,
 Discharg'd from sin, crown'd with the prize
 Of endless life for all his seed.

4 This sign does to our faith declare
 Our part in him who once was dead;
 For into death immers'd we are,
 And with him buried as our head.

5 And as the Father's glorious power
 Did life eternal to him give,
 So by this pledge he makes us sure
 That as he lives wo'll also live.

Baptism.

COME all you sons of God and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you;
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes.

2 Here in the pure baptismal wave,
You see the emblem of his grave,
Come all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.

3 When you ascend above the floods
Then call to mind your rising Lord;
You saints lift up your joyful eyes;
Exulting see your Saviour rise,

4 You, too, are bury'd with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word,
And joyfully receive therein,
Remission of your former sin.

5 Ascending from the stream, behold,
An emblem of your life restor'd;
Live unto him who died for you,
And all his just commandments do.

428

COME, you redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey the sacred word:
He died and rose again for you—
What more could your Redeemer do?

2 We to this place have come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

3 Almighty Lord be present still,
Thy ancient promise to fulfil,
That they who in thy name believe,
May peace and pardon here receive.

Baptism.

DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord ?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again :
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

430

GO teach the nations, and baptize,
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries ;
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.

2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

431 P. M.

SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise :
You saints around, through all its frame,
Harmonious sound the builder's name.

Beneath his eye and care,
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong and fair,
And shine above the skies :
There shall he place the polish'd stone,
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

SEE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod :
 And follow through his liquid grave,
 The meek, the lowly son of God.

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heavenly life aspire ;
 Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
 They shine in clean and bright attire.

3 O sacred rite ! by thee, the name
 Of Jesus we to own begin ;
 This is our resurrection pledge,
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
 Who shews his grace to sinful men ;
 Let saints on earth, and saints in heaven,
 In concert join their loud amen.

433

HOSANNA to our Saviour, God,
 Who suff'ered in our room and stead !
 He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
 And then immers'd in sweat and blood !

2 Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
 Before he shed his precious blood !
 How plain he mark'd the humble way
 To sinners, through the mystic flood !

3 We to this place are come, to show
 What we to boundless mercy owe ;
 The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
 And tread the path he trod before.

We to this place are come, to show
 What we to boundless mercy owe ;
 The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
 And tread the path he trod before.

Tribulation.

434 C. M.

Baptism.

PROCLAIM, says Christ, my wondrous grace
 To all the sons of men,
 He that believes and is immers'd,
 Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
 Who, hoping in the word,
 This day have publicly declar'd
 That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the christian race ;
 And through the troubles of the way,
 Find all-sufficient grace.

435

BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
 The great Redeemer lies ;
 Faith views him in the watery grave,
 And thence beholds him rise.

2 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
 And would his cause maintain,
 Like him be numbered with the dead,
 And with him rise and reign.

436

BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death.
 Our souls to sin must die ;
 With Christ our Lord we live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.

2 There by his Father's side he sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair ;
 Yet owns himself our brother still,
 And our forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,
 On wings of faith and love ;
 Above our choicest treasure lies
 And be our hearts above.

Baptism.

- IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue;
 Hinder me not ye much-lov'd saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Thro' floods and flames if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes;
 I will arise and be baptised,
 Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Thro' duty and thro' trials too,
 I'll go at his command;
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

438

- O LORD, and will thy pardoning love,
 Embrace a wretch so vile?
 Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
 And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
 And all its shame despised?
 And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
 With thee to be baptised?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
 In Jordan's swelling flood?
 And shall my pride disdain the deed
 That's worthy of my Lord?
- 4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love,
 Reproves my cold delays:
 And on my willing footsteps move,
 In thy delightful ways.

Baptism.

CHILDREN, if your hearts are warm,
Ice and snow will do no harm;
Since by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, reform, and be baptized.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you—
Bore the curse to mortals due;
Children, prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross;
Since the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

4 Every season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm prevents your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

5 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Meditate his law by night,
This will give you great delight.

440

LORD, we come before thy throne,
Wilt thou deign thy cause to own?
All our cares we cast on thee,
Saviour still our helper be.

2 May these lambs who seek to-day,
Thy commandments to obey,
Since from all their sins they're freed,
Live to thee in word and deed.

3 May they in thy ways of grace,
Ever seek thy glorious face;
Ever ravished with thy love,
May they reach thy courts above.

After Baptism.

JESUS, mighty King in Zion !

Thou alone our guide shalt be ;

Thy commission we rely on,

We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,

And thy victory o'er the grave ;

We who know thy great salvation,

Now have risen from the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,

We the ancient path pursue ;

Buried with our Lord and rising

To a life divinely new.

Salvation.

442

LET plenteous grace descend on those,

Who hoping in thy word,

This day have solemnly declared,

That Jesus is the Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,

And view the christian race ;

And through the troubles of the way

Find all sufficient grace.

443

BURIED in Jordan was our Lord,

As well as in the tomb,

And in obedience to his word,

We imitate the Lamb.

2 Though not to bear our souls to heaven,

'Tis left upon record

That thus our sins are all forgiven :

You read it in the word.

Baptism.

REFORM and be immers'd,
 Says your redeeming Lord;
 You all are now assur'd
 That 'tis your Saviour's word.

Arise! arise without delay,
 And his divine command obey.

2 You sin-convicted race,
 Now fall at Jesus' feet:
 He'll save you through his grace:

Come, to his will submit;
 And be immers'd without delay—
 O come and wash your sins away!

3 Come, you believing train,
 No more this truth withstand;
 No longer think it vain,

To honor God's command,
 But haste, arise, without delay,
 And come and wash your sins away.

4 Jesus! thou Prince of Peace!
 To thy great name we pray;

May converts to thy grace
 This ordinance obey;
 And may thy love their souls allure,
 Their peace and pardon to secure,

445

O GLORIOUS God of grace,
 Look from thy radiant throne;
 And with approving smiles,
 Thy institution own;
 In strains of rapture may we sing,
 While we confess our Lord and King.

2 Jordan we call to mind,
 Where Jesus was baptized;
 When the eternal God,
 Proclaimed himself well-pleased:
 Thy beautiful rays of glory shown,
 Around thy own beloved Son.

Baptism.

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee!
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glory shines through endless days
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no sins to wash away:
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 3 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.
- 4 His institution would I prize:
 Take up my cross and be baptized:
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.

447

- OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
 And meekly sought a watery grave;
 Come see the sacred path he trod,
 A path well-pleasing to our God.
- 2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
 And hither come to seek his face,
 To do his will, to feel his love,
 And join our songs with songs above.
- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine,
 Let endless glories round him shine;
 High o'er the heavens forever reign,
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

Chorus.

- Hosanna to the Lamb divine,
 Let endless glories round him shine;
 High o'er the heavens forever reign,
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

REMISSION OF SINS.

Gro'ton 226. 448 8s, 6s. and 5s.

HOW happy are they who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above !
 Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort
 and peace,
 Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 This comfort is mine since the favor divine
 I have found in the blood of the Lamb :
 Since the truth I believed what a joy I've re-
 ceived,
 What a heav'n in Jesus' bless'd name !

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
 And the angels can do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet and the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore !

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my
 song :

O ! that all to this refuge may fly !
 He has lov'd me, I cry'd, he has suffer'd and
 died,

To redeem such a rebel as I !

5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
 All my sin, and temptation, and pain ;

O why should I grieve, while on him I believe
 O why should I sorrow again !

6 O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
 Which I feel in the life-giving blood !

Of my Saviour possess'd, I am perfectly
 bless'd,

Being filled with the fulness of God.

Now my remnant of days will I spend to
 his praise,

Who has died, me from sin to redeem ;

Whether many or few, all my years are his
 due ;

They shall all be devoted to him.

Remission of Sins.

HAIL! Sovereign Lord, that first began,
 The scheme to rescue fallen man:
Hail! matchless, free eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky,
 I fought with hands uplifted high;
 Despised the offers of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 Enwrapt in thick impervious night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 I madly ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a hiding place.

4 But lo! the glorious word I heard,
 And mercy's angel-form appeared,
 To lead me on with gentle pace,
 To Jesus Christ my hiding place.

5 For thus th' eternal counsel ran
 "O Lamb of God, arrest the man;"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding place.

6 Again I heard sweet mercy tell,
 How Jesus conquered death and hell;
 And bore the sins of all our race,
 And thus became our hiding place.

7 Quick as the magnet seeks the pole,
 To Jesus fled m' admiring soul:
 He took me to his blest embrace—
 My everlasting hiding place.

8 A few more days or years at most,
 And I shall stand on Canaan's coast;
 There sing eternal songs of grace,
 To Jesus Christ my hiding place.

Remission of Sins.

FAREWELL, vain world, I'm going home,
 My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
 Bright angels beckon me away,
 To sing God's praise in endless day,

2 I am glad that I was born to die;
 From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
 Bright angels shall convey me home
 Away to New Jerusalem.

3 And when to that bright world I fly,
 And join the mansions in the sky,
 O then my happy soul shall tell
 My Saviour has done all things well.

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
 Who oft have met with me in prayer;
 Our mourning time will soon be o'er,
 And we shall live to die no more.

5 I'll praise my God while I have breath;
 I hope to praise him after death;
 I hope to praise him while I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly.

6 We soon shall hear the solemn sound—
 "Awake you nations under ground;
 Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
 And meet King Jesus in the clouds."

7 Then shall I see my glorious God;
 And triumph in his blest abode;
 My theme through all eternity
 Shall glory, glory, glory, be.

O HAPPY people, who follow Jesus
 Into the house of prayer and praise:
 And join in union while love increases,
 Resolved this way to spend our days;
 Although we're hated by the world and satan,
 By th' flesh and such as love not God;

Yet happy moments and joyful seasons
 We oft times find on Canaan's road.
 2 Since we've been waiting on lovely Jesus
 We've felt some strength come from above
 Our hearts have burn'd with heav'nly rapture
 We long to be absorb'd by love:
 Let us sing praises for what is given,
 And trust in God for time to come :
 Sure we shall find our way to heaven ;
 So farewell, brethren, we're going home.
 3 And as we go let us praise our Saviour,
 And pray for those who spurn his grace,
 Lest they should lose love's richest treasure
 And ne'er enjoy his smiling face.
 Now here's my hand and my best wishes,
 In token of my Christian love,
 In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
 So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

St. Thomas.

452 S. M.

Bethany.

THE pity of the Lord

To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel—
 He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
 Scattered with every breath ;
 His anger like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower !
 When blasting winds sweep o'er the fields,
 It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

Remission of Sins.

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
 When the death-shades o'er thee spread—
 'Thou hast finished earth's career,
 Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
 When draws near the judgment day,
 When the awful trump shall sound,
 Say, oh where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
 Clothed in majesty and might;
 When the wicked quail with fear,
 Where, oh where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
 When the saints and thou must part?
 When the good with joy are crowned,
 Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the holy word is nigh,
 Quickly to the Saviour fly;
 Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
 Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

454

O THAT men their songs would raise,
 All his goodness to declare;
 All Jehovah's wonders praise,
 Wonders which their children share.

2 Where his holy altars rise,
 Let his saints adore his name;
 There present their sacrifice,
 There with joy his works proclaim.

3 O that men their songs would raise,
 All his goodness to declare,
 All Jehovah's wonders praise,
 Wonders which their children share.

Remission of Sins.

- HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 Ere Jesus my Lord I did see !
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow-
 ers,
 Had all lost their sweetness to me.
- 2 The mid-summer sun shone but dim,
 The fields strove in vain to look gay ;
 But since I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 3 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice.
- 4 Transported to feel him thus nigh,
 I've nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I ;
 My summer now lasts all the year.
- 5 Content with beholding his face,
 To all his commandments resigned ;
 No changes of season or place,
 Can make any change on my mind.
- 6 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus but dwelt with me there.
- 7 Dear Lord, since indeed I am thine,
 Since thou art my sun and my song ;
 O let me not languish or pine,
 But still in thy favor be strong.
- 8 O perfect my soul for the sky,
 My noblest affections restore ;
 Then take me unto thee on high,
 Where sorrow and sin are no more.

Remission of Sins.

HASTE, O sinner—now be wise

Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste—and mercy now implore ;

Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner—now return ;

Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner—now be blest ;

Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Benevento.

457 7s.

Wilmot.

SINNERS, turn—why will you die ?

God, your Maker, asks you why :
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn—why will you die ?

Christ, your Saviour, asks you **why** :
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that you might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain ?

Crucify your Lord again ?
Why—you ransom'd sinners—why
Will you slight his grace and die ?

4 Will you not his grace receive ?

Will you still refuse to live ?
Oh ! you dying sinners, why—
Why will you forever die ?

Remission of Sins.

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
 More than he has done for you ?
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood ?
 After all this flow of love,
 All his drawings from above,
 Why will you your Lord deny ?
 Why will you resolve to die ?

2 Turn, he cries, O sinner turn—
 By his love your God makes known
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were his delight,
 Would he thus to life invite ?
 Would he ask, beseech and cry,
 Why will you resolve to die ?

3 Sinners, turn while God is near ;
 Dare not think him insincere :
 Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands :
 Cries, " You will not happy be,
 No, you will not come to me ;
 Me, who life to none deny—
 Why will you resolve to die ? "

4 Can you doubt if God is love,
 That to all his bowels move ?
 Will you not his word receive ?
 Will you not his oath believe ?
 See the suff'ring Lord appears,
 Jesus weeps—believe his tears ;
 Mingled with his blood they cry,
 " Why will you resolve to die ? "

Doxology.

Glory be to God on high
 God whose glory fills the sky :
 Peace on earth and man forgiven :
 Glory in the highest heaven.

Oliphant.

459 8s, 7s and 4s.

Remission of Sins.

COME, you sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r:
 He is able,
 He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requires
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

3 Come, you weary heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him—
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finish'd:"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo! the rising Lord ascending,
 Pleads the virtue of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture freely,
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo to his name:
 Hallelujah—
 Sinners now his love proclaim.

Remission of Sins.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above ?

Every sentence—oh how tender !

Every line is full of love :

Listen to it—

Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,

"Pardon to each rebel sinner!—

Free forgiveness in his name."

How important!—

"Free forgiveness in his name!"

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;

And, with news of consolation,

Chase away the falling tears.

Tender heralds !

Chase away the falling tears.

False professors—grovelling worldlings

Callous hearers of the word,

While the messengers address you,

Take the warnings they afford ;

We entreat you—

Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed ?

Who received the joyful word ?

Who embraced the news of pardon,

Offered to you by the Lord ?

Can you slight it ?

Offered to you by the Lord !

6 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,

Waiting spirits, speed your way,

Haste ye to the court of heaven,

Tidings bear without delay :

Rebel sinners

Glad the message will obey.

Remission of Sins.

RETURN, O wanderer—now return !

And seek thy Father's face !

Those new desires, which in thee burn,

Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return !

He hears thy humble sigh :

He sees thy softening spirit mourn,

When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return

Thy Saviour bids thee live :

Go to his feet—and grateful learn

How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return !

And wipe the falling tear :

Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !

'Tis love invites thee near.

Consolation. 462 C. M. Mo. Harmony.

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,

And did my sovereign die ?

Would he devote that sacred head

For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,

He groaned upon the tree ?

Amazing pity !—grace unknown !

And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,

And shut his glories in,

When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died

For man, the rebel's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,

While his dear cross appears ;

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,

And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay

The debt of love I owe :

Here, Lord, I give myself away—

'Tis all that I can do.

Remission of Sins.

- AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause ?
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?
- 3 Sure I must fight—if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil—endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die :
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine,
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

464

- I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause ;
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord! -I know his name—
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

Remission of Sins.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;
 Come, with your guilt, and fear oppress'd,
 And make this last resolve.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Has like a mountain rose :
 His kingdom now I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

3 Humbly I'll bow at his command,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll own I am a wretch undone
 Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Surely he will accept my plea,
 For he has bid me come ;
 Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
 For yet, he says, there's room.

5 I cannot perish if I go ;
 I am resolv'd to try :
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die.

466

HOW vain are all things here below !
 How false, and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
 Shine with deceitful light ;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 When we in them delight.

3 Dear Savior, let thy beauties be
 Our souls' eternal food ;
 Make us the emptiness to see
 Of all created good.

Remission of Sins.

NOW is th' accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace ;
 Now, sinners, come without delay,
 And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day ;
 To-morrow it may be too late—
 Then why should you delay ?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come ;
 And every promise in his word,
 Declares there yet is room.

468

THE Spirit, by the word,
 Is calling, 'Sinners come ;'
 The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
 To all his children, 'Come.'

2 Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, 'Come :'
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ, the fountain, come !

3 Yes, whosoever will,
 Oh let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life ;
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, 'I quickly come :'
 Lord, even so ! we wait thy hour ;
 O blest Redeemer, come !

Doxology.

To God and to his Son,
 To God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

Remission of Sins.

YE sons of earth, arise !

Ye creatures of a day !

Redeem the time—be bold—be wise,
And cast your bonds away.

2 The year of gospel grace,

With us rejoice to see ;

And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

3 Blest Saviour—Lord of all !

Them help thee to receive

Obedient to thy gracious call,

Oh, bid them turn and live !

4 Their former years mispent,

Now let them deeply mourn ;

And, softened by thy grace, repent,

And to thine arms return !

470

YE trembling captives, hear !

The gospel trumpet sounds :

No music more can charm the ear,

Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'Tis not the tramp of war,

Nor Sinai's awful roar :

Salvation's news it spreads afar,

And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,

Glad heaven aloud proclaims ;

And earth, the jubilee's release,

With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands

The saving news shall spread ;

And Jesus all his willing bands,

In glorious triumph lead.

Doxology.

Let God and Christ the Son,

Forever be adored ;

[know

Where there are works to make them

Or saints to love the Lord.

Remission of Sins.

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
 Who love this world so well ?
 Or dream of future happiness,
 While on the road to hell ?

2 Can sin's deceitful way,
 Conduct to Zion's hill ?
 Or those expect with God to reign
 Who disregard his will ?

3 Shall they hosannas sing,
 With an unhallowed tongue ?
 Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
 Which does its neighbor wrong ?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
 Good hopes can e'er afford ;
 The pardoned and renewed shall see
 The glory of the Lord.

472

MY son, know thou the Lord,
 Thy fathers' God obey ;
 Seek his protecting care by night,
 His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found,
 Oh seek him while he's near ;
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
 And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
 His ear will hear thy cry :
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
 His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
 Nor choose the path to heaven ;
 Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
 And never be forgiven.

Remission of Sins.

- LET sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death,
 But in the worship of my God
 I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
 When morning brings the light ;
 1 seek his blessing every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God !
 While sinners perish in surprise,
 Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I—with all my cares,
 Will lean upon the Lord ;
 I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love ;
 'The ground on which their safety stands,
 No earthly power can move.

474

- AND will you sit alone,
 Oppressed with grief and fear,
 To God your Father make your moan,
 And still refuse to hear ?
- 2 If he thy Father be,
 His pity he will show ;
 From cruel bondage set thee free,
 And inward peace bestow.
- 3 Do you but humbly take,
 Nor once indulge despair ;
 Your sins are great, but not so great
 As his compassions are.

Remission of Sins.

TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
 Now is the time to make your choice;
 Say, will you to mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no?
 2 Say, will you be forever blest
 And with this glorious Jesus rest?
 Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain?
 Will you with Christ forever reign?
 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more;
 He now is waiting for the poor;
 Say, now, poor souls what will you do?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no?
 4 Fathers and sons, for ruin bound,
 Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
 Come, go with us and seek to prove,
 The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
 5 Matrons and maidens we look to you,
 Are you resolved to perish too?
 To rush in earthly pleasures on,
 And sink in flaming ruin down?
 6 Once more we ask you in his name;
 (We know his love remains the same)
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no?

476

WNE'ER a sinner turns to God,
 With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
 The happy news makes angels smile,
 And tell their joys above the skies.
 2 Well may the church below rejoice,
 And echo back the heav'nly sound:
 This soul was dead but now's alive:
 This sheep was lost but now is found.
 3 Glory to God on high be giv'n,
 For this unbounded love to men;
 Let saints on earth and saints in heaven,
 In concert join the loud Amen!

Supplication. 477 L. M. Tender Thought Mo. H.

Remission of Sins.

"COME hither, all ye weary souls,
 Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.
 2 They shall find rest, who learn of me:
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.
 3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bears it with delight;
 My yoke is easy on the neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light."
 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
 With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

478 L. M.

COME, weary souls with sin distress'd,
 Come, and accept the proffer'd rest;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
 2 Oppress'd with guilt a heavy load,
 O! come and spread your woes abroad;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.
 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
 To cleans your guilt and heal your woes,
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
 How rich the gift, how free the grace!
 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
 The hope thy gracious words impart;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless thy kind inviting voice,

Doxology.

Hail, Father! hail, beloved Son!
 Equal'd on earth and heaven by none;
 Blessing, and thanks, and power divine,
 Thrice holy God, be ever thine.

Harp 251.

479 L. M. 6 lines.

Remission of Sins.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
 Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;
 Cease thy complaint—suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow;
 Behold the precious balm is found,
 To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
 Unburthen here thy weighty load;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 And trust the mercy of thy God:
 Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
 Forever love and praise the Lord.

Haverhill.

480 L. M. 6 lines. Songs of Zion.

GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways,
 Are matchless, god-like, and divine;
 But the fair glories of thy grace,
 Most god-like and unrivalled shine.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Angels and men resign their claim,
 To pity, mercy, love and grace;
 These glories crown Jehovah's name,
 With an incomparable grace.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 In wonder lost with trembling joy,
 O take the pardon of your God;
 Pardon of crimes of deepest die,
 A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
 This god-like miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise.
 And all the angelic choirs above.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Remission of Sins.

THE Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The news of his grace on the breezes are
gliding,

And nations are owning his sway.

2 And now through the darkest of earth's
gloomy regions,

The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime,
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven de-
scending,

High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise,
"Hail Son of the highest, let every knee
bending,

Adore thee with offerings of praise.

4 Thy sword and thy buckler, shall save and
deliver,

The poor and the needy, from foes that assail,
Thy bow & thy quiver, shall vanquish forever
The prince and the legions of hell.

5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering
Saviour,

Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy
favor,

And follow thy glorious train.

6 Ride on! till the compass of thy great do-
minion,

The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole,
And mankind cemented with friendship and
union,

Obeys thee with heart and with soul.

7 Then loud shall ascend from each sancti-
fied nation,

The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of
praise,

And heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

Remission of Sins.

- CHRISTIANS ! keep your armor bright,
 Rejoice ! give thanks and sing,
 In union strong together fight ;
 Hosanna to our King !
 Come laud and magnify his name,
 Nor let his praises cease ;
 His ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all his paths are peace.
- 2 We will not act the coward's part,
 But onward all proceed :
 Our captain shall his grace impart
 In every time of need.
 Great peace have they who love his cause,
 And on his word rely :
 From such as keep his holy laws
 The enemy will fly.
- 3 The world and sin may grieve us sore,
 And rouse our weakest fears ;
 Our march is but a few days more,
 Through this dark vale of tears.
 Death may assail, and satan too,
 With his opposing powers ;
 But let us prove our valor true,
 The victory is ours.
- 4 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek one in the skies ;
 A safe abode, eternal there,
 That time and death defies.
 We have our conflicts here 'tis true,
 But when our warfare's o'er,
 We'll bid this anxious world adieu,
 And all the ills we bore.

Chorus.

Oh ! it will be glorious,
 With crowns and palms victorious,
 And Jesus reigning over us,
 When our sad warfare's o'er

Remission of Sins.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;

My ears, attend the cry—

“Ye living men come view the ground

Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,

In spite of all your towers;

The tall, the wise, the reverend head,

Must lie as low as ours!”

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?

And are we still secure?

Still walking downward to the tomb,

And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening ~~grace~~,

To fit our souls to fly;

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,

We'll rise above the sky.

484

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head.

Are equal warnings given;

Beneath us lie the countless dead

Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,

And lurks in every flower;

Each season has its own disease,

Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn!—thy danger ~~know~~

Where'er thy foot can tread,

The earth rings hollow from below,

And warns thee of her dead!

4 Turn, christian, turn!—thy soul ~~apply~~

To truths which loudly tell,

That they who underneath thee lie,

Shall live for heaven—or hell!

Remission of Sins.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
 Where life's vain tumults past,
 Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
 Receives us all at last !
 2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
 Their passions rage no more ;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.
 3 All, levelled by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,
 Till God in judgment call them forth,
 To meet their final doom.

486

ALMIGHTY Father ! gracious Lord !
 Kind guardian of my days !
 Thy mercies let my heart record,
 In songs of grateful praise.
 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thine indulgent care,
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the youthful prayer.
 3 Each rolling year new favors brought
 From thine exhaustless store ;
 But oh ! in vain my laboring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.
 4 While sweet reflection through my days
 Thy bounteous hand would trace,
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise—
 The blessings of thy grace.
 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord !
 For favors more divine—
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.
 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And every weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.

Remission of Sins.

HAIL the day that saw him rise,
 Ravish'd from his people's eyes;
 Christ awhile to mortals given,
 Re-ascends his native heaven.
 There the pompous triumph waits,
 "Lift your heads ye heavenly gates,"
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the king of glory in.

2 He, whom highest heaven receives,
 Ever loves the friends he leaves;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls his saints his own:
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads;
 Near himself prepares a place,
 Harbinger of human race.

3 Taken from our eyes to-day,
 Master, hear us when we pray,
 See thy needy servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee:
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 Far above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise—
 Follow thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, reaching after home.
 There, forever to remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

Remission of Sins.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits—no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy ?

2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the way
And reach at Zion's hill.

3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit—
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

4 Eternal glory to the King,
Whose hand conducts us through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

489

ETERNAL God, our wandering souls
Admire thy matchless grace ;
That thou wilt walk—that thou wilt dwell
With Adam's sinful race.

2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace
The desert with delight :
Through all the gloom one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam ;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

4 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the sharpest pangs of death—
That break its way to God.

Remission of Sins.

COME thou fount of every blessing!

Tune my heart to sing thy praise,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from thy fold, O God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Did redeem me by his blood!

5 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee!

6 Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee whom I love,
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

491

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the paths that Jesus trod.
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice:
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice.
 Jesus says, "let each believer,
 Be baptized in my name:"
 He himself in Jordan's river,
 Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay:
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo! your captain leads the way.
 View the rite with understanding,
 Jesus' grave before you lies;
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

492 8s, 7s and 4s.]

HARK! the voice of love and mercy,
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rocks asunder—
 Shakes the earth—and veils the sky!
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 "It is finished!"—oh, what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
 "It is finished!"—
 Saints, the dying words record!

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:
 All in earth and heaven uniting,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Remission of Sins.

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
 But, Oh! what tongue can speak his fame?
 What mortal verse can reach the theme!
 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears;
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.
 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Omnipotence with wisdom shines,
 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
 Declare the glory of his name.
 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
 And let his praise employ thy tongue,
 Till listening worlds shall join the song!

494

THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
 In robes of majesty arrayed;
 His rule Omnipotence sustains,
 And guides the worlds his hands have made.
 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
 Or ere the heavens were spread abroad,
 Thy awful throne was fixed above;
 From everlasting thou art God.
 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
 Aloud the angry tempests roar;
 Lift their proud billows to the skies,
 And foam and lash the trembling shore.
 4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
 Controls the fiercely raging seas;
 He speaks—and noise and tempest fly,
 The waves sink down in gentle peace.
 5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
 Eternal holiness is thine:
 And, Lord, thy people shall be pure,
 And in thy blest resemblance shine.

Remission of Sins.

AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound,)

That sav'd a wretch like me !

I once was lost, but now am found,

Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears reliev'd :

How precious did that grace appear,

The hour I first believ'd.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,

I have already come ;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,

And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,

His word my hope secures :

He will my shield and portion be,

As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,

And mortal life shall cease ;

I shall possess within the vail,

A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,

The sun forbear to shine :

But God who call'd me here below,

Will be forever mine.

496

1 FATHER of peace ! and God of love.

We own thy power to save ;

That power by which our Saviour rose

Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,

Still watchful for our good ;

Who brought th' eternal covenant down,

And sealed it with his blood.

Remission of Sins.

AND is the gospel peace and love ?

Such let our conversation be ;

The serpent blended with the dove—

Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life !

3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility, and love and zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love—
O ! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But, ah ! how blind, how weak we are !
How frail, how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
O may thy Spirit be our guide !

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

Benediction.

The peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word and power imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer your hearts.

Remission of Sins.

COME, sinners to the gospel feast,
 Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
 You need not one be left behind,
 For God has bidden all mankind.
 2 Hark ! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call,
 The invitation is to all ;
 Come all the world—come, sinner, thou ;
 All things in Christ are ready now.
 3 Come all you souls by sin oppress'd,
 You weary wand'ers after rest ;
 You poor and maim'd, and halt and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find,
 4 The message as from God receive,
 You all may come to Christ and live ;
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to call in vain.
 5 This is the time—no more delay ;
 The Saviour calls you all to-day :
 O let his call effectual prove ;
 Accept the offers of his love !

499

ALL-glorious God, what hymns of praise
 Shall our transported voices raise !
 What ardent love and zeal are due,
 While heaven stands open to our view !
 2 Once we were fallen—oh how low !
 Just on the brink of endless wo ;
 When Jesus, from the realms above,
 Borne on the wings of boundless love,
 3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
 And spread around his heavenly light !
 By him what wondrous grace is shown
 To souls impoverished and undone !
 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
 A bright inheritance is ours ;
 Where saints in light our coming wait,
 To share their holy, happy state.

Remission of Sins.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all you hungry, starving souls,
 Who feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To feed an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! you that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here may you quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Great God! the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines,
 Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
 And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day:
 Lord, we are come too seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

Doxology.

To God the Father and the Son—
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was and is,
 And shall be evermore.

Remission of Sins.

- O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep celestial spring !
- 4 Whoever will (O gracious word !)
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake !
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace !
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

502

- AWAKE, you saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise the sov'reign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day !
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 You wheels of nature, speed your course ;
You mortal powers decay ;
Fast as you bring the night of death,
You bring eternal day.

Remission of Sins.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think

Before you farther go!

Will you sport upon the brink,

Of everlasting woe?

All your sins will round you crowd,

Sins of a blood-crimson dye;

Each for vengeance crying aloud,

And what can you reply!

2 Say, have you an arm like God,

That you his will oppose?

Fear you not that iron rod

With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that dread day,

When the judgment shall proclaim,

And the earth shall melt away

Like wax before the flame?

3 Though your heart be made of steel,

Your forehead lined with brass,

God at length will make you feel,

He will not let you pass:

Sinners then in vain will call,

(Though they now despise his grace)

Rocks and mountains on us fall,

And hide us from his face.

4 But as yet there is a hope,

You may his mercy know;

Though his arm is lifted up,

He still forbears the blow:

'Twas for sinners Jesus died,

Sinners he invites to come;

None who come shall be deni'd,

He says, "There still is room."

'Twas for sinners Jesus died,

Sinners he invites to come;

None who come shall be deni'd,

He says, "There still is room."

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Hebron 69.

504 L. M.

Devotion.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
 'Tis God invites the fallen race;
 Mercy and free salvation buy:
 Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
 You shall be pardoned every one,
 And find his Spirit free to all.

505

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
 You shall be bless'd that love my word;
 The man who hears my gracious voice
 Shall in his inmost soul rejoice.

2 Arise, obey, you shall obtain;
 My Spirit shall your hearts sustain;
 Eternal life shall sure reward
 The man that loves and seeks the Lord.

506

AWAKE from sin's delusive sleep,
 And give thy soul to Christ to keep;
 With all thy sins, alarm'd, oppressed,
 O come and seek his sacred rest.

2 He from his throne of bliss above,
 Shall shed abroad his heavenly love;
 His Spirit sweeten all thy pain,
 And all thy soul rejoice again.

3 By his divine, transforming power,
 He, ruined nature shall restore,
 And make thy life and temper shine,
 With joys and graces all divine.

The Holy Spirit.

YE who in his courts are found,
 Listening to the joyful sound;
 Lost and helpless as you are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care:
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View this bleeding sacrifice;
 See him in your sins forgiven,
 With the Spirit sent from heaven,
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

508

SINNERS, who in Christ believe,
 May the Holy Spirit receive:
 If by you the gift be prized,
 Rise, reform, and be baptized:
 Then within your souls shall live,
 Whom the world cannot receive.

2 Dust and ashes though you be,
 Stained with guilt and misery;
 If by you the gift is prized,
 Rise, reform, and be baptized:
 Then within your souls shall live,
 Whom the world cannot receive.

3 Since you love this Son of God,
 Seek redemption through his blood;
 If by you his gifts are prized,
 Rise, reform, and be baptized.
 Then within your souls shall live,
 Whom the world cannot receive.

Then within your souls shall live,
 Whom the world cannot receive.

The Holy Spirit.

- CHRIST**, like an uncorrupted seed,
 Abides and reigns within:
 Immortal principles forbid,
 The Sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
 Do they perform his will;
 But with the noblest powers they have,
 His sweet commands fulfil.
- 3 They find access at every hour,
 To God within the veil;
 Hence they derive a quickening power,
 And joys that never fail.
- 4 Oh happy souls! oh glorious state
 Of overflowing grace!
 To dwell so near their Father's seat,
 And see his lovely face.
- 5 O sinner, seek his glorious throne,
 And make this Saviour thine;
 His Holy Spir't he will send down,
 And form thy heart divine.
- 6 He'll shed his sacred love abroad,
 And make thy comforts strong;
 Then shalt thou cry "My Father God,"
 With an unwavering tongue.

510

- IT** is the Lord—enthroned in light.
 His claims are all divine:
 He has an undisputed right,
 To govern thee and thine.
- 2 Let then thine anxious doubts and fears
 All yield to his control:
 His tender mercies shall illumine
 The midnight of thy soul. [death,
- 4 Then may'st thou close thine eyes in
 Free from distracting care;
 For death is life—the grave is rest,
 If Christ be with thee there.

The Holy Spirit.

HOW gentle God's commands—

How kind his precepts are !

Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell ;
The hand that bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should that anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Oh seek your heavenly Father's face,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day ;
Then drop your burden at his feet,
And learn of him to pray.

512

WILL you still sit alone

Oppressed with grief and fear ?

To God our Father, make your moan,
And still refuse to hear ?

2 Since now you do believe,
His pity he will show ;
From all your sins will set you free,
And inward peace bestow.

3 Then do but humbly come,
Nor once indulge despair ;
Your sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

4 Behold the throne of grace !
The promise calls you near ;
Here Jesus points you to a place,
And waits to answer prayer.

The Holy Spirit.

YOU drowsy souls, why sleep you here ?

Awake, and God obey ;

Nothing has half your work to do,

Then why do you delay ?

2 Go to the ants, for one poor grain,

See how they toil and strive ;

Yet you who have a heaven t' obtain,

How negligent you live !

3 You, for whose sake all nature stands,

And stars their courses move—

You for whose guard the angel-bands

Come flying from above.

4 You, for whom God's dear Son bro't down,

An everlasting good ;

How careless to secure that crown,

He purchased with his blood.

5 Say, will you lie thus sluggish still,

And never act your parts ?

Still dare to trifle with his will,

And thus deceive your hearts ?

6 Arise, reform, and be baptized,

And wash your sins away ;

Let not his Spirit be despised,

His promise reads " To-day."

514

YOU burdened souls to Jesus go,

Forgiveness you shall find—

You shall his Holy Spirit know,

And learn that he is kind.

2 You humble souls obey his voice,

And he who made you see,

Shall by his Spirit wake your joys,

And grant you liberty.

The Holy Spirit.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty :
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness ;
 They shall be well supplied, and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose mercies move
 To acts of kindness and of love ;
 From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
 Who never tread the ways of sin ;
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God—the God of peace.

8 Blest are the faithful, who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
 Eternal life is their reward.

The Holy Spirit.

COME all you saints, unite to raise
 A song of joyful, humble praise;
 We nothing have whereof to boast,
 But Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

2 All praise his heavenly love excels,
 All fullness ever in him dwells:
 His riches none can ere exhaust,
 Who came to seek and save the lost.

3 Come you poor souls who long have been
 The willing slaves of death and sin;
 Throw down your arms, desert the host,
 For Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

4 His blood will cleanse you, and his love
 Will bring you to the world above;
 Tho' great the work and dear the cost,
 Yet Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

517

BEHOLD the blest, the heavenly Lamb
 With wonder, gratitude, and love;
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
 He meekly bore the mighty load;
 Our ransom-price he fully paid
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 Pardon and peace through him abound;
 He doth the Holy Spirit give;
 Salvation in his name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.

4 His power and glory work within,
 And all the riches of his reign;
 The troubled conscience knows his voice
 And all our inmost powers rejoice.

The Holy Spirit.

POOR sinful souls approach this God,
 And learn to sing his praise ;
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind in all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son—his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms,
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

4 To this blest refuge sinners come ;
 'Tis here their hope relies ;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

519

YOU sons of God, your tongues employ,
 And spread the rapturous sound ;
 You angels join the general joy,
 And bear the echo round.

2 Salvation to Jehovah's name,
 With grateful hearts we sing,
 And join our voices to proclaim
 The love of Israel's King.

3 Down from the world of radiant light,
 Behold the Saviour come,
 To ransom souls from endless night,
 And bring the wand'ers home.

4 Immortal praise to God belongs,
 For such unrivalled love ;
 Join all below, the rapt'rous song,
 And shout you hosts above.

The Holy Spirit.

INFINITE excellence is thine,

Thou lovely Prince of Grace!

Thy uncreated beauties shine

With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end

Come bending at thy feet;

To thee their prayers and praise ascend,

In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,

Delights the church around;

Sweetly the sacred odors spread

Through all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live

On thy exhaustless store;

From thee they all their bliss receive,

And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;

They find their all in thee;

Thy glories will their tongues employ

Through all eternity.

521

THE Saviour calls, let every ear,

Attend the joyful sound;

Ye timid souls dismiss your fear,

Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,

Here streams of bounty flow;

And life, and health, and bliss impart

To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,

The gracious call obey;

Mercy invites to heavenly joys

And can you yet delay?

4 Blest Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,

To thee let sinners fly;

And take the bliss thy love imparts,

And drink and never die.

The Holy Spirit.

POOR sinners, come, obey his voice,
 He'll make your inmost souls rejoice;
 Attend the gospel's gladd'ning sound,
 For now his Spirit may be found.

2 Behold him standing at the door,
 Inviting kindly all the poor:
 Mercy and love in him abound,
 And oh! his Spirit may be found.

3 Come with your guilty burdens all,
 Low at his footstool humbly fall;
 Though foes and fears your hearts surround,
 Yet, oh! his Spirit may be found.

4 And when you taste his pard'ning love,
 And all his tender mercies prove,
 Entreat poor sinners all around,
 And say, his Spirit may be found.

523

GO, preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
 Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
 Proclaim to them my sacred word,
 Bid them believe, obey and live.

2 I'll make your great commission known,
 And you shall prove the tidings true:
 By all the works which I have done—
 By all the wonders you shall do.

3 Go, heal the sick, and raise the dead,
 Go, cast out devils in my name;
 Nor let my servants be afraid,
 Though Greeks reproach and Jews blas-
 pheme.

4 Teach all the nations my commands,
 I'm with you till this age shall end;
 All power is trusted to my hands,
 I can destroy, and I defend.

The Holy Spirit.

COME, poor sinners, seek salvation;
 Now embrace your precious Lord:
 God commands that every nation,
 Shall obey his saving word.

2 Sinners, none but he can save us,
 Fly, embrace your Saviour's love:
 He now breathes his Spirit in us;
 Let his grace your bosom move.

525

THEY who trust in Christ the Saviour,
 Never shall confounded be;
 Through his merits all find favor,
 Who to God for mercy flee.
 Though by guilt and sin depraved,
 Though by grief and fear oppressed,
 Call upon him and be saved,
 With his Spirit, oh be bless'd!

2 He binds up the broken hearted;
 He proclaims the pris'ners free;
 None shall ever be deserted,
 Who to him for refuge flee:
 Cast on him your every burden,
 He your spirit will sustain;
 He has promised peace and pardon,
 None shall seek his face in vain.

3 When with torrents of temptation,
 Satan shall thy soul assail;
 Then his standard of salvation,
 Shall against the foe prevail:
 He will give both grace and glory,
 No good thing will he deny;
 He a table spreads before thee,
 And shall all thy wants supply.

The Holy Spirit.

COME, all you mourning souls, and hear
 The joyful news we tell;
 The Lord has brought salvation down
 To save our souls from hell.
 The angels sung the tidings glad,
 To shepherds in the field;
 "Good will to men and peace on earth—
 The Saviour is revealed."
 2 Come all you poor despairing souls,
 Now to the fold repair;
 Here God his boundless love unfolds,
 And says he'll meet you here.
 His glorious presence fills our souls
 With songs of loudest praise;
 You shall his Holy Spirit taste,
 If you will keep his ways.
 3 Here's peace and glory to your souls,
 It comes from heaven above;
 Enkindling all the inward man,
 With highest heavenly love.
 Then serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
 Approve his ways full well:
 For know his precious blood was shed
 To save your souls from hell.
 4 Salvation, what a glorious plan
 How suited to our need!
 The grace that raises fallen man,
 Is wonderful indeed.
 'Twas wisdom formed the vast design,
 To ransom us when lost,
 And love's unfathomable mine
 Provided all the cost.

Chorus.

Sing glory, honor to the Lamb,
 Salvation to our King;
 Let all who're washed in Jesus' blood
 His glorious praises sing.

The Holy Spirit.

- SINNERS, come and taste with me,
 Consolation, rich and free;
 From our wealthy Father's board,
 With the rarest dainties stored.
- 2 Wherefore should we feast alone?
 God invites you every one;
 All that come of free good will,
 Make the banquet sweeter still.
- 3 Come, O come to mercy's door;
 Christ receiveth all the poor;
 Jesus gives a glorious share,
 To his banquet then repair.
- 4 Goodness runneth like a stream,
 Through the New Jerusalem;
 And by constant breakings forth,
 Gladdens earth and heaven both.
- 5 Saints and angels sing aloud,
 To behold the happy crowd;
 Flocking in at mercy's door,
 Making still the number more.
- 6 Heaven's here and heaven's there,
 Comfort flowing every where!
 When you have this Lord confest,
 Of these powers your soul shall taste.
- 7 You shall go rejoicing home,
 From the banquet of perfume:
 Angels bright shall guard your road—
 You shall be an heir of God.
- 8 Oh return, you sons of grace,
 Turn and see his gracious face;
 Hark! he calls the wanderer home;
 Then from him no longer roam.

The Holy Spirit.

- NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 To our blest Lord our voices raise;
 Let all the saints unite to tell
 Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
 His wisdom all his works express;
 But oh, his love, what tongue can tell!
 Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 3 We spurn'd his grace, we broke his laws,
 But yet he undertook our cause,
 To save our ruined souls from hell:
 Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 4 And now our souls have known his love,
 What mercy has he made us prove!
 His mercy doth all praise excel;
 Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 5 Soon shall we pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms resign our breath;
 And then our happy soul shall tell
 Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 6 And when to that bright world we rise,
 And reach the mansions in the skies,
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 Our Saviour has done all things well.

529

- IN God let all his saints rejoice,
 With thankful heart and cheerful voice;
 Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."
- 2 Sweet words! oh let us bless his name,
 And joyful all his praise proclaim!
 These words shall foes and fears pursue,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."
- 3 Then when each happy soul attains
 That blissful state where glory reigns,
 This song shall all our powers employ—
 "God is our comfort and our joy."

'The Holy Spirit.

FROM whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
It fastens our souls with such ties
That distance nor time can remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
It grows in Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' life's blood it did cost.

3 My friends once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansion above.

4 O! why, then, so loath we to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again ?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' kind love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujahs—Amen !
Amen ! even so let it be.

531 L. M.

COME you who love the Lord indeed,
Who'd be from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow happy road.

2 That glorious day will soon appear,
When Michael's trumpet all must hear,
Sound through the earth, yea over all,
And wake the nations great and small.

The Holy Spirit.

COME, poor soul, it is the Lord,
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
 Jesus speaks and speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me."

2 "I deliver all the bound ;
 I can heal the bleeding wound ;
 Find the wand'rer, set him right,
 Turn his darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care,
 Cease towards the child she bore ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet have I remembered thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath—
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Turn, poor sinner, turn to me,
 To my word for refuge flee ;
 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done."

533

JESUS' precious name excels
 Jordan's streams and Salem's wells ;
 Thirsty souls come taste the spring,
 Life and joy its waters bring.

2 Lo, the Spirit now invites,
 Lo, his Bride the church unites ;
 Faith receives a full supply :
 Those who drink it, cannot die.

3 See the living waters flow,
 Where the weak and wretched go ;
 Fill your vessel as it rolls ;
 Here refresh your weary souls.

The Holy Spirit.

- COME to the glorious gospel-feast,
 Ho! every one that will;
 O come you starving souls and taste
 Those joys that none can tell.
- 2 Arise you mortals that are sad,
 And bordering on despair,
 Lo, there is balm in Gilead,
 And a Physician there.
- 3 Look to the Saviour's bleeding side,
 Behold the purple gore;
 It was for wounded souls he died,
 The sin-sick to restore.
- 4 Behold him on the cursed tree,
 With arms extended wide,
 For sinners such as you and me,
 The bleeding Saviour died.
- 5 'Tis finished, said his dying breath,
 He conquered death and hell;
 That rebels doomed to endless death,
 Might in his bosom dwell.
- 6 Come, then, receive his grace, and tell
 The wonders of his love;
 Till we arrive with him to dwell,
 In brighter worlds above.
- 7 No sin or foe shall there annoy,
 Or wound our peaceful breast;
 But boundless love, unmingled joy,
 And everlasting rest.

Chorus.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun;
 We've no less days to sing his praise,
 Than when we first begun.

The Holy Spirit.

COME, poor sinners, seek the Lord,

Meditate, obey his word ;

Seek salvation through this blood ;

Go with us—the way is good.

2 Come you aged, come you young ;

Every nation learn the song ;

Sound the Saviour's name abroad,

Go with us, the way is good.

3 Doubting souls, dismiss your fears,

Mourning souls dry up your tears,

Christ for you has shed his blood ;

Go with us—the way is good.

4 Burden'd souls oppressed with grief,

Jesus freely grants relief ;

He'll remove your heavy load ;

Go with us—the way is good.

5 Needy sinners doubt no more,

Jesus hath an ample store ;

Richest wine and choicest food,

Go with us—the way is good.

6 You who see your Saviour's love,

Now your faithfulness approve ;

Follow him, obey his word,

Imitate this glorious Lord,

7 Saints begin the heavenly song,

Join in concert every tongue ;

Walk with joy the heavenly road—

Go with us—the way is good.

536

COME, poor sinner, come and see,

All thy strength is found in me ;

I am waiting to be kind,

To relieve thy troubled mind.

2 Will not this encourage thee,

Lost and poor to come to me ?

Rise and cast away thy fear,

And my Spirit thou shalt share.

The Holy Spirit.

BLOW you the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound !
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-attoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim ;
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Jesus our great High Priest,
 Propitiation made ;
 You weary spirits rest,
 You mournful souls be glad :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

4 You slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And bless'd in Jesus live :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

5 You bankrupt debtors, know
 The wond'rous grace of Heav'n,
 Though sums immense you owe,
 A free discharge is giv'n :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

6 You who have sold for nought
 The heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love ;
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

The Holy Spirit.

LET others boast their ancient line,
 In long succession great ;
 In the proud list let heroes shine,
 And monarchs swell the state ;
 Descended from the King of kings,
 Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
 Own me an heir divine ;
 I'll pity princes on the throne,
 When I can call thee mine :
 Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
 And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown.
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise
 And seat me near thy throne ;
 No name, no honors here I crave,
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother lives,
 With him I too shall reign ;
 Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vain :
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall, while endless years endure.

5 When he in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 You too, my soul, shall shine in light ;
 And his full image bear :
 Enough !—I wait th' appointed day,
 Bless'd Saviour haste and come away !

LET us sing, the King Messiah,
 King of Righteousness and Peace :
 Hail him, all his happy subjects,

Never let his praises cease !
 Ever hail him,
 Let his honors still increase !

2 How transcendant are thy glories !
 Fairer than the sons of men,
 While thy blessed mediation
 Brings us back to God again !
 Bless'd Redeemer,
 How we triumph in thy reign !

3 Gird thy sword on, Mighty hero,
 Make thy word of truth thy car !
 Prosper in thy course triumphant,
 All success attend thy war !
 Gracious victor,
 Let mankind before thee bow !

4 Bless'd are all that touch thy sceptre,
 Bless'd are all that own thy reign !
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
 Rescu'd from his galling chain !
 Saints and angels,
 All who know thee, bless thy name.

540

WHAT, poor sinner, means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears be gone:
 Look to Jesus—
 And rejoice in his blest name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 From without and from within ;
 Jesus never will forget thee.
 Only turn and follow him:
 He is faithful—
 To perform his gracious word.

The Holy Spirit.

REJOICE! the Lord is King
 The Prince of life adore;
 O Zion! shout and sing,
 And triumph evermore—
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 With gladness great do you rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
 His character is love;
 When he had purg'd our sins,
 He took his seat above—
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 With gladness great do you rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell,
 Are to our Saviour giv'n—
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 With gladness great do you rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow at his command,
 And fall beneath his feet—
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 With gladness great do you rejoice.

5 He all our foes shall quell,
 Shall death itself destroy,
 And all his people fill
 With pure celestial joy—
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 With gladness great do you rejoice—

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home—
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

The Holy Spirit.

YE dying sons of men,
 Immersed in sin and wo!
 Now mercy calls again,
 Its message is to you!
 Ye perishing and guilty, come
 In mercy's arms there yet is room.
 2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame;
 Christ bids you come to-day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame:
 All things are ready—sinners, come!
 For every trembling soul there's room.
 3 Drawn by his dying love,
 Ye wandering sheep, draw near!
 He calls you from above,
 The Shepherd's voice now hear:
 To him whoever will may come,
 In Jesus' arms there still is room.

543

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are:
 To thine abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires to see my God.
 2 O happy souls, who pray,
 Where God appoints to hear;
 O happy men, who pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still! and happy they,
 Who love the way to Zion's hill.
 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat, when God our King
 Shall thither bring our willing feet.

Repentance.

THERE is a flower, a beauteous one,
 That blossoms on my path;
 No need of dew or daily sun,
 Or falling shower it hath,
 It blossoms as brightly in the storm,
 As in the cloudless day;
 And rears unharm'd its humble form,
 While others fade away.

2 That plant is faith, its holy leaves
 Reviving odors shed
 Upon the lowly place of grief,
 Or mansions of the dead.

God is its Sun, its living light,
 In happy hours he lends,
 And silently in sorrow's night
 Religious dew descends.

3 Plant of my soul be fading things,
 By other hands carest;
 But through life's weary wanderings,
 I'll clasp thee to my breast;
 And when the icy powers shall chill
 The fountain of my breath,
 Thy loveliness shall cheer me still,
 E'en in the hour of death.

545

POOR sinner, come, cast off thy fear,
 And raise thy drooping head;
 Arise, obey the word you hear,
 He lives who once was dead.

2 Salvation, oh! no word more meet,
 To join to Jesus' name;
 Let every thankful tongue repeat
 Salvation to the Lamb.

3 Forth from the garden to the cross,
 Your bleeding Lord pursue;
 Who, greatly to redeem your loss,
 Groan'd, bled, and died for you.

The Holy Spirit.

HARK, the gospel trumpet's sounding !
 Sinners hear the joyful call ;
 Christ in pardoning love abounding,
 Offers liberty to all.

2 Tho' your crimes have reached to heaven,
 And of deepest dye appear ;
 Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
 Seek, and you shall find him near.

3 Cast your load of guilt upon him,
 To the Lord for mercy flee,
 Tho' the strongest fetters bind you,
 His salvation makes you free,

4 Turn to Jesus, seek salvation,
 Sound aloud his gracious name ;
 Glory, honor, adoration !
 Christ the Lord to save us came.

547

SINNERS, hear your Lord and Saviour,
 Hear his gracious voice to-day ;
 Turn from all your vain behaviour,
 O repent, return, obey.

2 O be wise before you languish,
 On the bed of dying strife,
 Endless joy, or endless anguish
 Turn upon th' events of life.

3 Open now your case before him,
 Bid the Saviour welcome in ;
 O receive him, O adore him,
 Take a full discharge from sin.

4 Come, for all things now are ready,
 Yet there's room for many more ;
 O you blind, you lame, you needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store.

Lyons.

548 6s and 5s.

The Holy Spirit.

O TURN you, O turn you, for why will you
die,

When God in his mercy is coming so nigh ?

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you
home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you de-
lay,

Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as
you be,

Here streams of salvation are flowing most
free;

3 Here Jesus is ready, your souls to receive,
O how can you question, since now you be-
lieve ?

Since sin is your burden, why will you not
come ?

He now bids you welcome—he now says
there's room.

4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high ?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on
air ?

There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and
free.

549

WHY sleep you, poor sinner, awake and
arise ;

O why should you slumber in sight of the
prize ?

Salvation is near you, your day is far spent,
Arise, O be active, believe and repent.

Winthrop 186. 550 8s and 7s. Kendall 189.

The Holy Spirit.

BRETHREN, see poor sinners round you,
 Slumbering on the brink of woe;
 Far from God and unconverted;
 Can you bear to see it so?

2 There are fathers—there are mothers,
 And their children sinking down;
 Brethren, go, exhort poor sinners,
 Speak the word to all around.

3 Brethren, there's the poor backslider,
 Who was once at heaven's door;
 Bid him not betray his Saviour,
 And be worse than e'er before.

4 Now his Saviour offers pardon,
 If he will reform and turn;
 Brethren, go, exhort the sinner;
 Speak the word to all around.

5 Sisters, will you join and help us?
 Moses' sister helped him;
 Will you seek the trembling mourners
 Who are laboring hard with sin?

6 Tell them all about the Saviour;
 Tell them that he will be found;
 Sisters, go, exhort the mourner—
 Speak the word to all around.

7 Let us love our Lord supremely,
 Let us love each other too;
 Let us love and work for sinners,
 Till our Lord make all things new.

8 Then, when we get home to heaven,
 At his table we'll sit down;
 Christ will gird himself and serve us,
 With sweet manna all around.

*Hallelujah—
 Jesus reign forevermore.*

The Holy Spirit.

COME, poor sinners, come and dwell
For aye with Christ our treasure :
Come, he will your bosoms swell,
With heaven's enrapt'ring pleasure.

2 Mortals who with folly side,
Leave your scenes of pleasure ;
Come, and with this Christ abide,
He's an endless treasure.

3 Mortals come and taste awhile,
The purest joy of feeling :
Come, receive the Saviour's smile,
And prove his powers of healing.

4 He can calm the soul to rest,
Soothe the force of anguish :
Every one is freely blest—
None allow'd to languish.

5 Hushed is every inward fear,
Every sorrow banished ;
Silenced every troubling care,
Every grief is vanished.

6 Joy supreme within, the soul
Knows no bounds to pleasure ;
For the heart without control,
Feeds on Christ her treasure.

7 Come, and drink, poor souls, of love,
Enjoy the sweets of feeling :
Feed on Christ, who reigns above,
And own his art of healing.

8 Let the heavenly calm of love,
Be thy choicest treasure ;
Come, poor souls, forevermore,
With Christ to endless pleasure.

The Holy Spirit.

COME, you weary sinners, come,
 All who feel your heavy load ;
 Jesus calls the wanderers home,
 Hasten to your pardoning God.

2 Come you guilty souls oppressed,
 Answer to the Saviour's call ;
 Come, and I will give you rest,
 Come, and be delivered all.

553

HEAR, the great Redeemer calls you ;
 Cease to heave the plaintive sigh ;
 Let not guilt or fear enthrall you—
 Come, and you shall never die.

2 If by sin or sore temptation,
 You are weary and oppressed,
 Hear the Saviour's invitation,
 "Come, and I will give you rest."

554

O, IMPROVE the day of grace,
 Seek, O seek his gracious face ;
 Soon the harvest will be past ;
 Must your soul be lost at last ?

2 O, obey the call of God,
 Do not trifle with this blood ;
 It will follow where you fly ;
 Turn, O turn, why will you die.

555

SINNERS, now, awake, awake,
 All your sinful ways forsake,
 Turn to God—in Christ believe,
 And your dying souls shall live.

When, O when, will you be wise,
 Open now your blinded eyes ;
 View the vengeance of the Lord,
 Mark the warnings of his word.

The Holy Spirit.

MOURNING sinner, what for thee
In this world can now remain ?
Seek that world from which shall flee,
Sin and sorrow, grief and pain.

2 Sorrow shall forever fly,
Sin shall never enter there ;
Tears be wiped from every eye,
God shall banish all despair.

557

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day ;
Mercy stands to let you in,
Fly, O fly, obey, obey.

2 Sorrow shall forever fly,
Sin shall never enter there :
Tears be wip'd from every eye,
God shall banish all despair.

558

WE are travelling on to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Christ your Father's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

559

O YOU chosen seed be glad,
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

2 Shout you little flock and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest,
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

The Holy Spirit.

SEE from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow :
God has opened there a fountain,
To supply the plains below :
They are blessed—

Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way :
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay :

O you nations—

Hail the great and glorious day.

3 Gladden'd by the fruitful treasure,
All enriching as it goes ;
Lo ! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose :

Every object—

Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life the banks adorning
Yield their fruit to all around ;
Those who eat are saved from mourning :
Pleasure comes and hopes abound :

Blessed portion—

Endless life with glory crown'd.

561

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May we mortals lisp thy name ?

Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme :

Hallelujah—

Thou art every creature's theme.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and awful praise :

Hallelujah—

Be thy just and awful praise.

ETERNAL LIFE.

Zion. **562** 8s, 6s and 4s. **Oliphant.**

LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain,
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train,
Hallelujah !

Jesus now shall ever reign !

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty :

Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him must confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment !

Come to judgment ! come away

4 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !

All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah !

See the day of God appear !

5 Lord, thy bride says by thy Spirit,
Hasten thou the gen'ral doom ?

Promis'd glory to inherit,
Take thy weary children home !
All creation

Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yes—Amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne ;

Saviour take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thy own,
O ! come quickly !

Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

Eternal Life.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !

Hark the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,

Shakes the vast creation round ;

How the summons

Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,

Cloth'd in Majesty divine !

You who long for his appearing,

Then shall say, " This Lord is mine ! "

Gracious Saviour,

Own me in that day for thine !

3 At his call the dead awaken,

Rise to life from earth and sea ;

All the powers of nature shaken,

By his looks prepare to flee.

Careless sinner,

What will then become of thee !

4 Horrors past imagination,

Will surprise your trembling heart,

When you hear your condemnation,

" Hence, accursed wretch, depart !

Hence with satan,

And his angels have your part. "

5 But to those who have confessed,

Lov'd and serv'd him here below,

He will say, " Come near you blessed,

See the kingdom I bestow ;

You forever,

Shall my love and glory know. "

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,

May this thought our courage raise !

Swiftly God's great day approaches,

Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :

May we triumph,

When the world is in a blaze !

Eternal Life.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord ;
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
 And call'd him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
 Our flesh to see the dust,
 Yet as the Lord, our Saviour rose,
 So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
 Reserv'd against that day !
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot fade away !

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
 Till the salvation come ;
 We walk by faith as strangers here,
 Till Christ shall take us home.

565

BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord,
 In latter days shall rise,
 On mountain tops above the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
 Shall 'lighten ev'ry land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
 His judgments truth shall guide;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
 Disturb those peaceful years;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their sword
 To pruning hooks their spears.

6 No longer host encount'ring host,
 Shall crowds of slain deplore;
 They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And study war no more.

7 Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,
 To worship at his shrine;
 And walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

566

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall come;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the morning sun.

2 The north and south their sons resign,
 And earth's foundations bend;
 A bride adorn'd Jerusalem,
 All glorious shall descend.

3 The King who wears the splendid crown
 The azure flaming bow,
 The holy city shall bring down
 To bless his church below.

4 When Zion's bleeding conqu'ring King
 Shall sin and death destroy,
 The morning stars shall join to sing,
 And Zion shout for joy.

- 5 The holy, bright angelic band,
Who sing on harps of gold,
In glorious order then shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold.
- 6 Descending with sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore ;
Such shouts through earth's extended
plains,
Were never heard before.
- 7 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long ;
Though saints are feeble, frail and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong
- 8 He is their shield and hiding place—
A covert from the storm ;
A fountain in the wilderness,
And their eternal home.
- 9 The crystal stream comes down from
heav'n,
It issues from the throne ;
The floods of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one.
- 10 That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing and shout his name below,
As angels do above.
- 11 A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete :
Call'd by the last loud trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour's face to meet.
- 12 With joy they meet him in the sky,
Whom here their souls ador'd ;
And live in worlds of bliss on high,
Forever with their Lord.

Eternal Life.

AND will the judge descend ?

And must the dead arise ?

And not a single soul escape

His all-discerning eyes ?

2 And from his righteous lips,

Shall this dread sentence sound ?

And through the numerous guilty throng

Spread black despair around ?

3 "Depart from me ye cursed,

To everlasting flame,

For rebel angels first prepared,

Where mercy never came."

4 How shall our hearts endure

The terrors of that day :

When earth and heaven before his face ;

Astonished, flee away ?

5 But ere the trumpet shakes

The mansions of the dead ;

Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,

What joyful tidings spread !

6 Ye sinners seek his grace,

Whose wrath you cannot bear ;

Fly to the shelter of the cross,

And find redemption there.

7 So shall the curse remove,

By which the Saviour bled ;

And the last awful day shall pour

His blessings on your head.

Chorus.

Ye angels round the throne,

And saints that dwell below,

Worship the Father and the Son,

In all you say or do.

Morden 208. 568 7s. 6s and 7s.

Eternal Life.

OPEN, heavenly gates, disclose
 To our raptured vision,
 All the blissful joy that flows
 From the true religion.
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
 Break you intervening skies;
 Sun of righteousness arise;
 Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light,
 Flash on high before him;
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Constantly adore him:
 Angel-trumps resound his fame,
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
 All the glory of his name—
 Heaven echoing the theme.

3 All the eldership arise
 From their princely station,
 Shout his glorious victories—
 Sing his great salvation:
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 And in reverential tone,
 Render praise to God alone—
 "Holy, holy, holy One!"

4 Hark! the symphonies divine,
 Seem, methinks, to seize us;
 In their holy praise we join
 To our glorious Jesus:
 Sweetest sound on seraph's song,
 Highest note of mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest anthem ever sung,
 Let its riches flow along.

Eternal Life.

OH where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul !
 'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.
 4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
 Oh ! what eternal horrors hang,
 Around the second death !
 5 Lord God of truth and peace,
 Teach us that death to shun ;
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 Forevermore undone.

570

AND am I born to die ?
 To lay this body down ?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown ?
 2 How shall I leave my tomb ?—
 With triumph or regret ?—
 A fearful or a joyful doom—
 A curse, or blessing meet ?
 3 O thou, that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who di'dst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery,
 4 Lead me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe ;
 That when thou comest on thy throne,
 I may with joy appear.

Eternal Life.

GO on, you pilgrims, while below,
 In the sure path of peace,
 Determin'd nothing else to know
 But Jesus and his grace.

2 Observe your leader, follow him;
 He through this world has been :
 Often revil'd, but, like a lamb,
 Did ne'er revile again.

3 O! take the pattern he has giv'n,
 And love your enemies ;
 And learn the only way to heav'n
 Through self-denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and pray,
 While journeying on the road,
 Lest you should fall out by the way,
 And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the fruit
 That feeds th' immortal mind ;
 For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
 But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day ;
 Your crown is yet before ;
 Defy the trials of the way ;
 The storm will soon be o'er.

7 Soon we shall reach the promis'd land,
 With all the ransom'd race,
 And join with all the glorious band,
 To sing redeeming grace.

8 There we shall meet to sing God's praise,
 And all his wonders tell,
 And triumph in redeeming grace,
 So, brethren, fare you well.

Eternal Life.

OUR souls are in his mighty hand,
 And he will keep them still,
 And you and I shall surely stand
 With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
 Our face like his shall shine;

O! what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join!

3 O! what a joyful meeting there!
 In robes of white array;

Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
 And crowns that ne'er decay!

4 When we've been there ten thousand
 years,

Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,
 Than when we first begun.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
 When all shall be brought home,

Come, O Redeemer! come away!
 O Jesus! quickly come!

573

HE, who on earth as man was known,
 And bore our sins and pains,
 Now seated on th' eternal throne,
 The Lord of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
 With sure unerring skill;

And countless worlds, extended wide,
 Obey his sov'reign will.

3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
 In yonder world above,

His saints on earth admire his ways
 And glory in his love.

4 This land, through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry ;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow
Their thirst to satisfy.

5 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this high Rock for rest they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

6 How glorious he, how happy they
In such a gen'rous friend!
Whose love secures them all the way
And crowns them at the end.

574

ON Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare ;
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.

2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows ;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

3 See here the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance giv'n !
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heav'n !

4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The dainties of the board.

4 But O ! what draughts of bliss unknown
What dainties shall be giv'n,
When with the myriads round the throne
We join the feast of heav'n !

6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul ;
And springs of life that never dry
In thousand channels roll.

Eternal Life.

THAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day.

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 And louder yet—and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?

3 Oh ! on that day—that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ ! thy people's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

576

ETERNITY is just at hand,
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away ?

2 Eternity !—tremendous sound !—
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound !
 But oh ! if Christ and heaven be mine,
 How sweet the accents !—how divine !

3 Be this my chief, my only care—
 My high pursuit—my ardent prayer—
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,
 My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

4 But should my brightest hopes be vain
 The rising doubts, how sharp their pain !
 My fears, O gracious God, remove,
 Confirm my title to thy love.

5 Search, Lord—oh search my inmost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

Eternal Life.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wandrers given :
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven ;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all secure—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

578 C. P. M.

COME, let us sing the coming fate
 O Mystic Babylon the Great,
 Her doom is drawing near :
 Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
 His cause and people to maintain,
 For them he'll soon appear.

2 Before him flows a fiery stream,
 The heav'ns above with lightnings gleam,
 A thousand thunders roar :
 A heav'nly host with him descends,
 His voice to all the earth extends,
 His saints now grieve no more.

3 Eclips'd by glory so divine,
 Sun, moon, and stars refuse to shine,

The spheres now cease to roll :
Earth, wrapt in darkness deep as night,
With horror stricken at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.

4 Angels of light, at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, stand,
Waiting his voice to hear :
The fiery cherubs spread their wings,
The air with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.

5 The day of recompense has come,
His people all are gath'ring home,
With joy they hear his voice :
The promis'd curse, the threatn'd woes,
Combin'd, now fall upon his foes,
The martyrs all rejoice.

6 She, who the twelve apostles griev'd,
And by her sorceries deceiv'd
All nations of the world,
Now looks with anguish at their bliss,
Then sinks into the vast abyss,
To endless ruin hurl'd.

7 The living saints, and all the dead,
Now gather round their glorious head,
And reign with him below
A thousand years of perfect peace,
Of love, and joy, and righteousness,
Exempt from ev'ry woe.

8 Then let us keep the end in view,
And ever on our way pursue,
The crown is yet before :
A few short days the conflict's done,
The battle's fought, the prize is won,
And we shall toil no more.

Eternal Life.

WHO are those arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest to th' eternal throne?

2 These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their master stood,
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of their dying Lord.

3 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb:
Blood that washes white as snow.

4 Ever they are near the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night,
God resides among his own—
God doth in his saints delight.

5 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er,
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more.

6 No excessive heat they feel,
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

580

SINNER, are you still secure?
Still resolved to disobey?

Can your heart or hands endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 Who his advent may abide!

You that glory in your shame,

Can you find a place to hide,

When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Hasten now, the time improve,

Listen to your Saviour's voice;

Seek the things that are above,

Scorn the world's pretended joys.

Eternal Life.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and wonder

See your sins like mountains rise;

How astonishing the number!

Higher mounting than the skies:

Cry for mercy—

Dread the death that never dies.

2 See the precious blood of Jesus,
Streaming from the 'cursed tree;

Will not this suffice to grieve us?

Jesus spilt that blood for thee:

Come, then, sinner—

And his great salvation see.

3 See yon sun how swift he hasteth,
Round the circuit of the skies;

How the golden moment wasteth,

Sinners, pray at length be wise:

O he's setting—

And may set no more to rise.

582 8s and 7s.

LOVE divine, all love excelling!

Joy of heaven, to earth come down,

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,

With thy faithful mercies crown:

Jesus! thou art all compassion,

Pure, unbounded love thou art:

Perfect us in thy salvation,

Enter every waiting heart.

2 Come! almighty to deliver,

Let us all new life receive!

Suddenly return—and never,

Never more thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,

Serve thee as thy hosts above;

Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,

Glory in thy precious love.

Eternal Life.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in
fire,

As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his
ire;

Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of
cloud,

And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead
are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the
Lord;

And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are
there,

And there all who the palm-wreaths of victo-
ry wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have
all heard:

Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel
are stirred!

From the sea, from the earth, from the south,
from the north,

All the vast generations of men are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
are all set,

Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
are met!

There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
Lord,

And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with
love!

When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,

May our justified souls find a welcome in
heaven!

Eternal Life.

REMEMBER thy Creator,
 While youth's fair spring is bright;
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night:
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer;
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator,
 Before the dust returns
 To earth—for 'tis its nature—
 And life's last ember burns:
 Before that God who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear;
 He cries, who died to save it,
 "Thy great Creator fear."

586

AS flows the rapid river,
 With channel broad and free,
 Its waters rippling ever,
 And hastening to the sea,
 So life is onward flowing,
 And days of offered peace,
 And man is swiftly going,
 Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
 As haste the sun away,
 As stormy winds, complaining,
 Bring on the wintry day,
 So fast the night comes o'er us—
 The darkness of the grave—
 And death is just before us:—
 God takes the life he gave.

Eternal Life.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along ?
 And hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign ?

2 Then from the craggy mountain
 The sacred shout shall fly ;
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply.
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 The hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound !

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait ;
 But how little—none can know.

2 Spared to see another year ;
 Come, thy precious work revive ;
 Let thy blessing meet us here,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive,
 Sun of righteousness, arise !
 Let our prayer thy pity move ;
 Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes :
 Make this year a time of love.

Eternal Life.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?—

What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison, and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come to meet
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

590

SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest:
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

2 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting!

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting!

Eternal Life.

HERE, in the field—this world below,

The tares and wheat together grow ;

Jesus e'er long will weed the crop,

And pluck the tares in anger up.

2 Will it relieve your horrors there;

To recollect your favors here—

How much you heard, how much you knew,

How long among the wheat you grew?

3 Oh ! it must aggravate your case,

To perish under means of grace—

To know the word of life and faith,

Became the instrument of death.

4 We seem alike while thus we meet,

Mortals might think we all were wheat ;

But to the Lord's all-seeing eyes,

Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,

Some for the sake of praying friends ;

Others, the Lord, against their will,

Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6 But tho' they grow both tall and strong,

His plan will not require them long :

In harvest when he reapes his own—

The tares shall into flames be thrown.

7 Terrific thought ! and is it so !

Must all mankind this harvest know !

Is every soul a wheat or tare !

Must every soul his portion share !

8 Great God, assist us to proclaim,

Redemption through the Saviour's name :

May sinners now the message hear,

And for the harvest all prepare.

Chorus.

For soon the reaping time will come,

And angels shout the harvest-home.

Eternal Life

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord,
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse,
 To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning
 blood ?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
 For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
 away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
 Long griev'd and resisted, intreats thee to
 come ;

Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
 And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
 The earth shall dissolve and the heavens
 shall fade,

The dead, small and great, in the judgment
 shall stand,

What pow'r then, O sinner, shall lend thee
 its aid ?

593

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with
 God,

And joy like the sunshine, shall beam on thy
 road ;

And peace, like the dew-drops, shall fall on
 thy head,

And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Eternal Life.

YOU needy souls, arise,
 With all who sleep, awake;
 Be to salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are;
 Make ready for your free reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting friend;
 Your head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,
 To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here received,
 The unction from above;
 And in his Spirit liv'd,
 And thirsted for his love:
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride,
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne:
 Called to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound,
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found:
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
 In which the church shall ever shine.

Eternal Life.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
Which time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its songs of joy.

2 There is a region lovelier far,
Than sages tell or poets sing—
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the breath of spring.

3 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

596 P. M.

FAREWELL, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal care or bliss;
I leave you here to travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

2 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love,
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That we shall soon all meet above.

3 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

4 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my soul to leave you here,
Eternal sorrow waits for you,
O turn and find salvation near.

Chorus.

*Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My christian friends, farewell.*

- THAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When you must stand before the Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Prince of all our joys,
 Thou sovereign of our heart,
 How could we bear to hear thy voice,
 Pronounce the word, "Depart."
- 3 O wretched state of deep despair !
 And must our God remove,
 And fix their doleful station where
 They cannot taste his love ?
- 4 O haste to have your worthless names
 Engraven on his hands ;
 Obey the precepts of his book,
 Where his salvation stands.

598

- OUR Canaan is Immanuel's ground,
 We seek that promised soil ;
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears ;
 Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
 And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 He'll purge our mortal dross away,
 Refining as we run ;
 But while we die to earth and sense,
 Our heaven is here begun.
- 2 Fair Lebanon shall hear his voice,
 And lands where Jordan flows ;
 With Sharon's deserts shall rejoice,
 And blossom as the rose.

Chorus.

I am bound for the promised land,
 O who will come and go with me ?
 I am bound for the promised land.

Eternal Life.

AH, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when array'd in terror
God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution,
Up to the judgment ?

2 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.

3 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies & judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

4 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;
Jesus invites you.

5 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,
Quit you forever.

6 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you,
Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,
Deep in their caverns.

7 O, guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment !

Swanton 196.

601

Dort 194

THUS saith the Church's Head,
Judge of the quick and dead,

"Quickly I come.

"Let my redeemed pray,

" 'O Lord, make no delay ;

" 'Hasten that happy day :

" 'Lord, quickly come.' "

2 Let us, with one accord,

Shout our returning Lord ;

Welcome him near.

Soon shall he come again ;

Soon shall his foes be slain ;

Soon he'll appear.

3 Jesus, who died for sins,

Now in his glory reigns,

Claiming his own :

"Father, I will," saith he,

"Those thou hast given me

Should all my glory see,

"Sharing my throne."

602

SOVEREIGN of worlds above,

And Lord of all below,

Thy faithfulness and love,

Thy power and mercy show :

Fulfil thy word, thy Spirit give ;

Let heathens praise the Lord and live.

2 Few be the years that roll,

Ere all shall worship thee ;

The travail of his soul

Soon let the Saviour see :

O God of grace ! thy power employ,

Fill heaven with praise, and earth with joy.

LO! the mighty God appearing,
 From on high Jehovah speaks!
 Eastern lands the summons hearing,
 O'er the west his thunder breaks:
 Earth beholds him!—
 Universal nature shakes!

2 Zion, all its light unfolding,
 God in glory shall display:
 Lo! he comes!—nor silence holding,
 Fire and clouds prepare his way:
 Tempests round him—
 Hasten on the dreadful day!

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,
 To the earth beneath he cries;—
 "Souls immortal, now descending,
 Let the sleeping dust arise!
 Rise to judgment—
 Let my throne adorn the skies!

4 "Gather first my saints around me,
 Those who to my covenant stood;
 Those who humbly sought and found me,
 Through the dying Saviour's blood:—
 Blest Redeemer!—
 Dearest sacrifice to God!"

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,
 And his righteousness declare:
 Sinners perish from before him,
 But his saints his mercies share:
 Just in judgment—
 God, himself the judge is there!

Now the heavens on high adore him,
 And his righteousness declare:
 Sinners perish from before him,
 But his saints his mercies share:
 Just in judgment—
 God, himself the judge, is there!

THE Lord shall come, the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And with'ring from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come, but not the same
As once in lowliness he came—
A silent Lamb before his foes—
A weary man and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come—a dreadful form
Of wrathful tempests—robes of storm ;
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
The awful Judge of all mankind.

4 Is this the man who wont to stay
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power and scorned by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified !

5 Despairing sinners now will call
"Rocks hide us—mountains, on us fall ;"
The saints ascending from the tomb,
Shall shout aloud—"the Lord is come."

THE prince of salvation is coming, prepare,
A way in the desert his blessings to share ;
He comes to release us from sins and from
woes,

And make the rude wilderness bloom like
the rose.

2 His reign shall extend from the east to the
west,

Compose all the tumults of nature to rest ;
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

3 Hail, scenes of felicity, transport and joy,
When hatred and passion shall cease to an-
noy ;

[given,
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be
And life only serve as a passage to heaven.

Eternal Life.

COME, dear friends, we all are brethren,
 Bound for Canaan's happy land;
 Come, unite and walk together;
 Christ, our leader, gives command.
 Cease to boast of party merit,
 Wound the cause of God no more.
 Be united by his Spirit:
 Zion's peace again restore.

2 We'll not dare to bind your conscience,
 This in Christ is ever free:
 We would aid you every effort,
 And in him united be.
 Here his word—the great criterion—
 This must ail our doctrine prove,
 Christ the centre of our union,
 And the bond of christian love.

3 Now our hand, our heart and spirit,
 Here in fellowship we give;
 Let us love and peace inherit,
 Show the world how christians live.
 We'll be one in Christ our Saviour,
 Male and female, bond and free!
 Christ is all in all forever,
 In him we shall blessed be.

4 Now the world will be constrained.
 To believe in Christ our King;
 Thousands, millions, be converted,
 Round the world his praise shall ring.
 Happy day! O joyful hour!
 Thank the Lord, his name we'll bless;
 Spread thy word—O God—thy power;
 Fill the world with righteousness.

Eternal Life.

ARISE, and shine, O Zion fair,

Behold, thy light is come!

The glorious conquering King is here,
To take his exiles home.

2 The trumpet thunders through the sky
To set his people free;

The day of wonders shines on high—
The year of Jubilee.

3 The glorious news of gospel grace,
With sinners now is o'er;

The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more.

4 The watchmen all have left the walls,
And with their flocks above,

On Zion's holy mountains rest,
And sing redeeming love.

Come, all you weary pilgrims old,
In prospect of that home,

Renew your courage and be bold—
Your race is almost run.

5 High in the heavens behold he stands,
And smiling, bids you come:

The angels beckon you away,
To your eternal home.

7 Methinks I see you as you die,
With glory in your view;

To heaven you lift your longing eyes,
And bid the world adieu.

8 While friends stand weeping as you die,
And mourn to let you go,

You breathe with one expiring sigh—
"Farewell all things below."

Eternal Life.

- LET thy Kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come and bid our jarring cease ;
 Come, O come, and reign forever—
 Lord of life and Prince of Peace.
 Visit now thy bleeding Zion,
 Lo! thy people mourn and weep ;
 Day and night thy flock is crying,
 Gracious Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Some for Paul—some for Apollos—
 Some for Cephas—few agree,
 With thy holy word that calls us,
 Or resolve to follow thee.
 Lord, in us there is no merit,
 At thy name our hearts do leap ;
 Guide us by thy holy Spirit,
 Till in death our souls shall sleep.
- 3 Come, blest Lord, with courage arm us,
 Persecution rages here ;
 Nought, we know, can ever harm us,
 If our Shepherd be but near :
 Glory, glory, be to Jesus !
 At his name our hearts do leap ;
 He both comforts us, and saves us ;
 Gracious Shepherd, bless thy sheep.
- 4 Hail thou prince of our salvation !
 Ever will we be thy flock ;
 Thou the church's sure foundation,
 And the everlasting rock.
 May we shun the paths of folly,
 Scale the high, the arduous steep ;
 Look to thee and still be holy ;
 Gracious Shepherd, bless thy sheep.

Eternal Life.

FEAR you not the King of terrors,
 And the terror of all kings,
 Death, the source of constant horrors,
 Telling still of frightful things—
 Lands of darkness, shades of silence,
 Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie,
 And the thousands he has conquered?
 All, alas! must shortly die.

2 There the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest ;
 There the saints shall cease from suffering,
 There they are divinely blest.
 Free from sickness, free from sorrow,
 Free from anguish, care, and pain,
 No dread thoughts of gloomy horror,
 Ere shall frighten them again.
3 There the saints sing hallelujahs,
 And rejoice in Christ their King ;
 Ask the grave "Where is thy victory?"
 "Boasting monster, where's thy sting?"
 Since we're pardon'd through the Saviour,
 Tho' the grave may us annoy,
 Death's the gate to endless pleasure—
 Road to everlasting joy.

610 8s, 7s and 4s.

LO! he cometh, countless trumpets
 Blow to wake his sleeping dead ;
 'Mid his thousand saints and angels,
 See the great exalted head!

Hallelujah—

Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Enter into boundless joys ;
 Banish all their fears and sorrows,
 Endless praise their lips employs :
 Hallelujah—

Welcome, welcome to the skies.

Eternal Life.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above—

It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for a moment feast,
With Christ, the King of kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their wealth despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight—
A city in the skies.

4 There is my house—my mansion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
'Tis my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
The angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

5 Most happy is the pilgrim's lot,
Most free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear :
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell :
He only sojourns here.

6 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design ;
From every creature love !
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of her load,
And seeks the things above.

METHINKS the last great day is come,
 Methinks I hear the trumpet sound ;
 That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
 And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
 Awed by the Judge's high command ;
 Both small and great all quit their dust,
 And round the dread tribunal stand.
 3 Behold the awful books displayed,
 Big with th' important fates of men ;
 Each deed and thought now public made,
 As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.
 4 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
 May life's fair book my soul approve,
 There mayst thou read my name enroll'd,
 The triumph of redeeming love.

613

HOW great, how terrible that God,
 Who shakes creation with his nod !
 He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,
 Sink in one universal flame.
 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
 For shelter in the general wreck ?
 Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown,
 See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.
 3 In vain for mercy now they cry,
 In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;
 There on the flaming billows tost,
 Forever, O forever lost !
 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
 Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene,
 Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire—
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
 To thee our lives we would commend ;
 Thou canst preserve our feeble soul,
 When lightnings flash from pole to pole.

Bunker's Hill. 614 11s and 5s. Mo. Harmony.

The Judgment.

WHEN the fierce north-wind with his airy
forces,
Rears up the ocean to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning with the storm of hail
comes,
Rushing amain down.

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and
tremble,
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody
trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gapping waters,
Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be and the wild dis-
order,
If things eternal may be like these earthly,
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the creation.

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vaulted
heavens,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open and the bones arising,
Flames all around them.

5 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty
wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living
worms lie
Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon
their heart-strings,
And the soul twinges when the eyes behold the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

7 Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and
shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide
yawning,
Hideous and gloomy to receive them head-
long,

Down to the centre.

8 Stop here my fancy (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come arise to Jesus,
How he sits God-like and the saints around
him,

Thron'd yet adoring.

9 O may I sit there when he comes triumph-
ant,
Dooming the nations ; then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage,
Shout the Redeemer.

End of the Gospel Department.

MISCELLANY.

The Millenial Church.

615 C. M.

SAY, who is she that looks abroad,
 Like the sweet blushing dawn,
 When with her living light she paints
 The dew drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
 Serene her throne she guides,
 And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
 In full-orb'd glory rides?

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
 Without a cloud he springs:
 And scatters boundless light and heat
 From his resplendent wings.

4 Tremendous as a host that moves
 Majestically slow,
 With banners wide displayed, all arm'd,
 All ardent for the foe?

5 This is the church by heaven array'd,
 With strength and grace divine;
 Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
 And thus her glories shine.

Doxology.

To God the Father, and the Son—
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, and is,
 And shall be evermore.

Hosanna.

Hosanna to the Prince of peace;
 Th' eternal age draws nigh,
 When Christ shall rule this world beneath,
 As God, the heavens on high.

The New Jerusalem.

- JERUSALEM, my glorious home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labors have an end,
 Injoy and peace in thee ?
 2 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And praises never end.
 3 There happier bowers than Eden's, bloom
 Nor sin nor sorrow see :
 Blest seats ! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to thee.
 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death, dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
 5 Jerusalem, my glorious home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

Pleasant Hill.

617 C. M.

Hayden's Coll.

- MY soul forsakes her vain delight
 And bids the world farewell ;
 On things of sense why fix my sight ?
 Why on its pleasures dwell ?
 2 There's nothing round this spacious earth
 That suits my soul's desire ;
 To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
 My nobler thoughts aspire.
 3 No longer will I ask its love,
 Nor seek its friendship more ;
 The happiness that I approve
 Is not within its power.
 4 Oh ! for the pinions of a dove,
 T' ascend the heavenly road :
 There shall I share my Saviour's love
 There shall I dwell with God.

Hope in Christ.

1 I WOULD not live always: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way;

The few cloudy mornings that dawn on us
here,

Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its
cheer.

2 I would not live always: no—welcome the
tomb,

Since Jesus has lain there, I'll enter its gloom;

There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,

To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live always away from
his God—

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,

Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul.

The Saviour.

THOU soft flowing Kedron, by thy silver
stream,

Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale
beam,

Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently
stray,

And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head !

How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed !

The angels astonished grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;

The theme most transporting to seraphs above,

The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love !

4 O let us adore him, and bow at his feet ;
And give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;

Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
And swell the glad chorus that sounds thro' the skies.

620 12s.

NOW Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious ;

O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious ;

With shouting proclaim it—oh trust in his passion,

He saves us most freely—oh precious salvation !

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,

We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

Gethsemane.

BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow
Behold the suffering Saviour go,
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men—
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
'My Father, O this cup remove!'

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
'Behold me here, thy only Son,
'And, Father, let thy will be done.'

4 The Father heard—and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him in prayer.

ERE I sleep, for every favor,
This day showed
By my God,
I do bless my Saviour.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

Harp 242.

623 7s.

Wilmot 172.

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.—
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !—
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?—
 Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends.—
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends !
 Watchman ! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller ! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.—
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
 Watchman ! let thy wand'ring cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

Nuremburgh 179.

624

Wilmot 172.

SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care—from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon, from me, the light of day
 Shall forever pass away :
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

Yarmouth 201. 625 7s and 6s. Amsterdam 204.

TIME is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb :
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms;
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb :
 But the christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty, soon, above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

Harp 293. 626 7s. Nuremburgh 179.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh ! quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

2 Hark !—they whisper—angels say,
 "Sister spirit, come away :"
 What is this absorbs me quite ?—
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
 Drowns my spirit—draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul—can this be death ?

2 The world recedes it disappears—
 Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !—
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 "O grave ! where is thy victory !
 O death ! where is thy sting !"

Dying Christian.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
 Weep not for me:
 When the languid eye is streaming,
 Weep not for me.
 When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
 Start not at its swift decreasing,
 'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing,
 Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
 Weep not for me:
 Christ is mine, he cannot fail me,
 Weep not for me.
 Yes, though sin and death endeavor,
 From his love my soul to sever,
 Jesus is my strength forever!
 Weep not for me.

628

Nativity of Christ.

FROM the regions above, lo! an angel de-
 scended;
 And told the glad news how the Lord was
 attended,
 "You Shepherds go visit the wonderful
 stranger,
 See yonder bright star, lo! the Christ in a
 manger."

2 Now glory to God in the highest be given,
 All glory to God is re-echo'd in heaven;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad
 story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

Death of a Sister.

SISTER, thou was mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer's breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low;
 Thou no more will join our number,
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
 Here thy loss we deeply feel;
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
 He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled;
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

Death of a Brother.

HOW blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind!
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind!

2 Of evil incapable, thou
 Whose relics with sorrow we see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer with mortals to be.

8 This flesh is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again.

4 No anger, henceforward, or shame
 Shall redden this senseless clay:
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 All passion is vanished away.

- 5 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er,
 This quiet immoveable breast.
 Is heav'd by affliction no more.
- 6 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain;
 It ceases to flutter and beat:
 It never shall flutter again.
- 7 The eyes he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to weep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep.
- 8 Their fountains can yield no supplies,
 Their springs from their waters are free;
 The tears are all wip'd from his eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 9 To mourn and to suffer is ours,
 While bound in this prison beneath;
 We follow the slow-pacing hours,
 And press to the issues of death.
- 10 What now with our tears we bedew,
 To-morrow we all may become;
 Our spirits be separate too,
 Our flesh be confined to the tomb.

Harp,

631

Page 242

Evening Hymn.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light,
 Who the day for toil has given,
 For rest, the night.
 May thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.
 This livelong night.

The Lord is Great.

THE Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven, adore
him,

And ye who tread this earthly ball;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

2 The Lord is great—his majesty how glorious!
Resound his praise from shore to shore;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made vic-
torious,
He rules and reigns forevermore.

3 The Lord is great—his mercy how abound-
ing!
Ye angels, strike your golden chords!
Oh praise our God! with voice and harp re-
sounding,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

633

THERE'S no name among men, nor angels
so bright,

As is the name Jesus, the Father's delight;
The joy of his children; they speak of his
name,
And sweetly its praises in songs they pro-
claim.

2 In all Christian churches this name is
ador'd,
As their shield and glory with cheerful accord,
And there 'tis declar'd, the help of distress'd,
The hope of the hopeless, and ease of op-
press'd.

3 The church of the first-born with angels
of light;
Shall sound forth its praises with endless de-
light;
But fully unfolded, it can be by none,
Save Jesus among them the Father's own Son.

Missionary Hymn.

THEY are gone to the land where the Patri-
archs rest,

Where the bones of the prophets are laid :
Where the chosen of Israel the promise pos-
sess'd,

And Jehovah his wonders displayed :
To the land where the Saviour of sinners
once trod,

Where he labor'd and languished, and bled;
Where he triumphed o'er death and ascend-
ed to God

As he captive captivity led.

2 They have gone to the land where the gos-
pel's glad sound,

Sweetly sung by the angels above,
Was re-echo'd on earth, all around the world,
The news of a Saviour's blest love.

Where the Spirit descended in tokens of
flame—

The rich gifts of his grace to reveal ;
Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's
name ;

The truth of their mission to seal.

3 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy
have gone,

To the land where the martyrs once bled ;
Where the "Beast and False Prophet" have
since trodden down—

The fair fabric that Zion had laid.

Where the churches once planted, and
watered and blest

With the dews which high heaven distill'd,
Have been smitten, despoiled, and by hea-
then possess'd,

And the places that knew them, defiled.

4 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel,
 have gone,
 The glad mission in love to restore ;
 Thou wilt not forsake them nor leave them
 alone ;
 Thy blessing we humbly implore.
 Thy blessing go with them—O, be thou their
 shield,
 From the shafts of the fowler that fly ;
 O Saviour of sinners, thine arm be revealed
 In mercy and might from on high.

N. Brunswick Coll.

635

Page 179-

RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 Thy Father calls for thee ;
 No longer now an exile roam,
 In guilt and misery.
 Return, return.

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 Thy Saviour calls for thee :
 The Spirit and the Bride say "come,"
 O now for refuge flee !
 Return, return.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home ;
 'Tis madness to delay :
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day :
 Return, return.

636

Universal Praise.

O CITY of the Lord begin,
 The universal song,
 And let the scatter'd villages,
 The joyful notes prolong.
 2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar,
 Lift up its lonely voice ;
 And let the tenants of the rocks
 In accents rude rejoice.

3 O in the strains of distant lands
 Unto Jehovah sing ;
 And joyful from the mountain tops,
 Shout to our Lord the King :

4 Let all combine with one accord,
 The Saviour's glories raise,
 Till in remotest bounds of earth,
 The nations sound his praise.

637 L. M.

Tatnal.

EARTH has a joy unknown in heav'n—
 The new-born joy of sins forgiv'n !
 Tears of such pure and deep delight,
 C angels never dim'd your sight.

2 You saw of old on chaos rise
 The beauteous pillars of the skies ;
 You know where morn exulting springs,
 And ev'ning folds her drooping wings.

3 Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
 Abroad his errands you fulfil ;
 Or thron'd in floods of beamy day,
 Symphonious in his presence play.

4 Loud is the song—the heav'nly plain
 Is shaken with the choral strain—
 And dying echoes, floating far,
 Draw music from each chiming star.

5 But I amidst your choirs shall shine,
 And all your knowledge shall be mine ;
 You on your harps must lean to hear
 A sacred chord that mine can bear.

Songs of Zion,

638

Page 76.

Time.

TIME speeds away, away, away,
 Another hour, another day,
 Another month, another year,
 Drop from our life like leaflets sear ;

Drop like they life-blood from our hearts;
 The rose bloom from our cheek departs;
 The tresses from our temples fall—
 The eye grows dim and strange to all.

2 Time speeds away, away, away,
 Like torrent in a stormy day,
 He undermines the stately tower—
 Uproots the tree and snaps the flower;
 He sweeps from our distracted breast,
 The friends that loved, the friends that blest;
 And leaves us weeping on the shore,
 To which they can return no more.

3 Time speeds away, away, away,
 No eagle through the sky of day,
 No wind along the hills can flee
 So swiftly, or so smoothe as he,
 Like fiery steed from stage to stage,
 He bears us on from youth to age,
 Then plunges in the fearful sea
 Of fathomless eternity:
 Of fathomless eternity.

W. L.

639

Page 167.

Deliverance of Israel.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah has triumph'd his people are free;
 Sing for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariot, his horseman, all splendid and
 brave;

How vain was his boasting! the Lord hath
 but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen have sunk in the
 wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

2 Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord,
 His word was their arrow, his breath was
 their sword,
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story,

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
 pride,
 The Lord has look'd out from his pillar of
 glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in
 the tide.
 Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord,
 His word was their arrow, his breath was
 their sword.

Harp, page 235. 640 12s and 11s. Scotland 235.

Funeral.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Tho' silence and darkness encompass the
 tomb;
 The Saviour has past through its portals be-
 fore thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro'
 the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer
 deplore thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
 side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
 fold thee,
 And sinners may hope since the Saviour has
 died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere
 wrong to deplore thee,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in death lingered
 long,
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright
 on thy waking,
 And the song which thou heardest was the
 seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere
 wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
 and guide,
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
 restore thee,
 Where death hath nosting, since the Saviour
 has died.

641

BEHOLD thy glorious Saviour,
 All divine!
 Accept his gracious favor,
 For 'tis thine:
 Beneath his guardian care,
 Heaven's joys shall breathe around thee—
 Heaven's powers with glory crown thee
 Divinely fair.

ew Brunswick

642

Coll. page 184.

The Christian's Welcome Home.

SEE, Christians, see how the time steals on!
 Soon will sink life's setting sun:
 Like the gleams of closing day,
 Fade thy fleeting hours away.
 Then, up, let us toil, till our toilings are o'er.
 Till we shall be borne to eternity's shore;
 Our final summons having come,
 How sweet the Christian's welcome home!
 Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome
 home.
 Sweet, O sweet, the Christian's welcome
 home!
 Welcome home, welcome home, welcome
 home!

2 See how the shades of death come nigh,
 Joyful shades when Christians die;
 They mark, the path the Saviour trod;
 Dying saints to waft to God.

Then, up, fellow Christian, let mourning be
o'er ;

Rejoice in thy Saviour, rejoice evermore ;

Our angel convoy having come,

How sweet the Christian's welcome home !

Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome
home.

Sweet, O sweet, the Christian's welcome
home !

Welcome home, welcome home, welcome
home !

643

Hebrew Mourner.

WHY silent and sad, dost thou stand here
and mourn,

Son of Israel, the days that shall never re-
turn ?

And why do those tear drops of misery fall

On the mould'ring ruin, the perishing wall ?

Was yon city, in dust, with the heathen now
clad,

Once, the beautiful Zion, where Judah was
glad ?

And those walls that in ruins, now scattered
all lie,

Were they once rear'd to heav'n, and hal-
low'd on high ?

2 Yet why dost thou mourn ? O to gladness
awaken ;

Tho' Jehovah, this city of God, has forsaken,

He prepares for his people, a city more fair

Which the ruthless invader, no, never, shall
share ;

No longer the tear for yon city shall flow—

No longer thy bosom, the sad sigh bestow,

But night shall be follow'd by glorious day,

And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

Death of Goliath by King David.

STRIKE the cymbal, roll the timbal,
 Let the trump of triumph sound :
 Powerful slinging, headlong bringing
 Proud Goliath to the ground.

2 From the river, rejecting quiver,
 Judah's hero takes the stone ;
 Spread your banners, shout hosannas ;
 Battle is the Lord's alone.

3 See advances, with songs and dances,
 All the band of Israel's daughters ;
 Catch the sound you hills and waters ;
 Spread your banners, shout hosannas,
 Battle is the Lord's alone.

4 God of thunder, rend asunder
 All the power Philistia boasts ;
 What are nations ? what are stations ?
 Israel's God is Lord of hosts.

5 What are haughty monarchs now ?
 Low before Jehovah bow :
 Pride of Princes, strength of Kings ;
 To the dust Jehovah brings.

Praise him, praise him, exulting nations
 praise him ;
 Praise him, praise him, exulting nations
 praise him :

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna.

Columb. Harmony.

645

Scotland, 234 Harp.

The Family Bible.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollec-
 tion,
 Of youthful connection and innocent joy ;
 While blest with parental advice and affec-
 tion,
 Surrounded with mercies and peace from on
 high !

I still see the seats of my Father and Mother,
And those of their offspring as ranged on each
hand ;

And that richest of books that excelled every
other—

The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration;
At morning and evening, could yield us de-
light ;

The prayer of our Sire was a sweet invoca-
tion,

For mercy by day, and for safety by night.

Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony
swelling,

All warm from the heart of the family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous
dwelling,

Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

3 You scenes of tranquility, long have we
parted,

My hopes almost gone, and my parents no
more !

In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander alone on a far distant shore ;

Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protec-
tion—

Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand,

Oh ! let me with patience receive his correc-
tion,

And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

4 Blest Bible, the light and the guide of the
stranger !

With thee I seem circled with parents and
friends ;

Thy blest admonitions shall guard me from
danger,

On thee my last lingering hope still depends

Hope wakens to vigor, and rouses to glory—
 I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
 And for refuge lay hold on the hope set be-
 fore me,

Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.
 5 Hail, Bible, the brightest and best of the
 morning—

The star that has guided my parents quite
 home,

The beams of thy glory my pathway adorning,
 Shall scatter the darkness and brighten the
 gloom.

As did eastern sages, to worship the stranger,
 Glad hasten with joy to behold Canaan's land
 I will bow to adore him, but not in a manger:
 He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

6 Though age and misfortune press hard on
 my feelings,

I'll cleave to the Bible and trust in the Lord;
 Though darkness may cover his merciful
 dealings,

My soul shall be cheer'd by his heavenly
 word ;

And now from things earthly my soul is re-
 moving ;

I soon shall shout glory with heaven's bright
 band ;

And in raptures of joy be forever adoring,
 The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

Chorus.

The old-fashioned Bible! the dear blessed
 Bible!

The family Bible that lay on the stand.

Pleasant Hill.

646 C. M.

Consolation.

LET others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear ;

But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
 What feeble things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our Maker, God, supports our frame;
In God alone we trust!
Salvation to th' almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

Shiloh.

647 L. P. M.

- WHO has our report believed?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own;
Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,
David's offspring, sent to bless you,
Comes too lowly to be known.
- 2 Tell me, O you favor'd nation!
What is your fond expectation—
Some fair spreading lofty tree?
Let not worldly pride confound you;
'Mong the lowly plants around you,
Mark the lowest—that is he!
- 3 Like a tender plant that's growing,
Where no waters friendly flowing,
No kind rains refresh the ground;
Drooping, dying, you shall view him,
See no charms to draw you to him:
There no beauty will be found.
- 4 Lo! Messiah unrespected!
Man of griefs, despised, rejected!
Wounds his form disfiguring:
Mar'd his visage more than any;
For he bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.
- 5 No deceit his mouth had spoken,
Blameless—he no law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the worst;

For, because the Lord would grieve him,
 You who saw it did believe him
 For his own offences curs'd.

6 But while him your thoughts accused,
 He for our offence was bruised:

Yes, for us the victim bled.
 With his stripes our wounds are cured,
 By his pains our peace secured,
 Purchas'd with the blood he shed.

7 Love amazing, so to mind us!
 The great Shepherd came to find us,
 Silly sheep all gone astray;
 Lost, undone by our transgressions,
 Worse than stripp'd of all possessions,
 Debtors without hope to pay!

8 Death our portion, slaves in spirit,
 He redeem'd us by his merit;
 To a glorious liberty:
 Dearly first his goodness bought us,
 Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
 Truth and love have made us free.

9 Glory be to God who gave us—
 Freely gave—his Son to save us!
 Glory to the Son who came!
 Honor, blessing, adoration,
 Ever, from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb!

648 C. M.

MAY I but read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes,

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

649 L. M.

'TIS darkness here, but Jesus smiles,
 His presence ev'ry pain beguiles;
 He has the wine that cheers the soul,
 The oil that makes the wounded whole.

2 While silence reigns as in the tomb,
 And midnight spreads her deepest gloom;
 Come, let our tongues an anthem raise,
 And sing our great Physician's praise.

3 Though fast our feet within these stocks,
 Our hands secur'd with num'rous locks,
 No iron chains our thoughts can bind,
 There are no fetters for the mind.

4 Though we are bound, the word is free,
 The truth cannot imprison'd be,
 The word shall visit ev'ry land,
 Though kings and people all withstand.

5 The word of life which Jesus sent,
 Jail, chains, and swords cannot prevent;
 Man cannot keep the world in night,
 For God has said—Let there be light.

6 To Jesus let our praise ascend,
 His care for us shall never end,
 He felt our griefs, he bore our pains,
 His blood has wash'd us from our stains.

7 From all our sins he set us free,
 The light of life he made us see,
 From Satan's bondage gave release,
 And fill'd our souls with joy and peace.

8 He bade us speak his love abroad,
And tell the mercies of our God;
And shall we cease to spread his fame,
Because of prisons, stripes, or shame?

9 No; 'tis our choice to bear his cross,
For him all things we count but loss,
Our joy, for him to suffer shame,
Our honor, still to bear his name.

10 One smile from him all pains repays,
One word of peace all griefs allays,
With him in glory to appear,
Will compensate our suff'rings here.

11 His presence now this prison cheers,
Relieves our pains, dispels our fears;
His presence then our heads will crown
With endless glory and renown.

Kambia,

650 S. M.

Golden Hill.

THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we now possess.

3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
To view th' unweari'd sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

THE morning light returns,
 The sun begins to shine,
 Now let our souls in haste arise
 To run the race divine.

2 We praise the Father's love
 Who kept us through the night;
 O may his kindness be our song,
 His pleasure our delight.

3 While passing through this day,
 Lord, we implore thy care,
 To guide us on the heav'nly way,
 And guard from ev'ry snare.

4 And when our life shall close,
 O may it be in peace;
 May we lie down in sweet repose
 And wake in endless bliss.

652

SEE, how the rising sun,
 Pursues his shining way;
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
 With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul,
 Its heav'nly Parent sing;
 And to its great original,
 The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
 Beneath his guardian care;
 I slept, and I awoke, and found
 My kind preserver near.

4 My life I would anew,
 Devote, O Lord, to thee;
 And in thy service would I spend
 A long eternity.

Harp 297.

653

Anthem.

Sons of Zion.

Praise ye the Lord: Glorify him forever:
 Sons of Zion come before him, bring the
 cymbal, bring the harp, bring the cymbal,
 bring the harp. High in glory, lo! he's seat-
 ed; see the King he sits in state, see the King
 he sits in state. Sons of Zion come before
 him, sound the lute and strike the harp,
 sound the lute, strike the harp; sons of Zion,
 come before him. Sound the lute and strike
 the harp. Sons of Zion come before him,
 sound the lute and strike the harp, sound the
 lute and strike the harp, strike the harp,
 strike the harp, strike the harp.

Harp 270:

654

Anthem.

O give thanks unto the Lord.

O give thanks, O give thanks unto the
 Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks,
 give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord, give
 thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for he is
 good, is good, for his mercy endureth forever,
 his mercy endureth. his mercy endureth for-
 ever, his mercy endureth forever, Amen,
 Amen.

654

ON Zion's glorious summit stood
 A num'rous host, redeem'd by blood;
 They hymn'd their King in strains divine—
 I hear'd the song and strove to join.
 2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
 For truth or Jesus' lovely name,
 Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb!
 And bow before the great I AM.
 3 While everlasting ages roll,
 Eternal love shall feast their soul,
 And scenes of bliss forever new,
 Rise in succession to their view.

4 Here Mary and Manasseh view,
The dying thief, and Abrah'm too ;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their songs the same.

O what a sweet exalted song,
When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there !

6 My soul anticipates the day—
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song the palm to bear,
And praise my great Redeemer there.

655

MY Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove :
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your presence sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here ;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away
Since we have met to sing and pray,
How loath we are to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face !

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind !
But pilgrims, in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

5 My Christian friends both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on ;
Press on and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies.

6 A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
When, in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

O blessed day ! O glorious hope !
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

656 P. M.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain
store,

'The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground

2 The soul that obeys in glory shall live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul don't delay—he calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—go after
him, go :

Lo ! onward I move to a city above ;
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell,
and sin,

'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ
within ;

And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind ;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's
face.

6 Now 'tis my care, that my neighbors may
share

These blessings—to seek them will none of
you dare ?

In bondage, O why ! in death will you lie,
When Jesus assures you free grace is so nigh ?

Mo. Harmony.

657

Portuguese Hymn.

HITHER, you faithful, haste with songs of
triumph,

To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet;
To you this day is born a Prince and Sav-
iour,

O come and let us worship at his feet.

2 O Jesus, for such wond'rous condescension,
Our praises and rev'ence is an offering meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells
among us !

O come and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his eternal fame, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat :
Unto our Lord be glory in the highest.

O come and let us worship at his feet.

O come and let us worship, &c.

658 P. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, join'd in one ;

One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
And glow'd with sacred fire ;

He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed and bless'd,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly :

We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die.

Let Satan rage, and hell assail,
 We'll fight our passage through ;
 Though foes unite and friends desert,
 We'll seize the prize in view.

2 The little cloud increases still,
 The heav'ns are big with rain :
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain :

A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 Now pours the mighty flood—
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee, Lord !

And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown,
 And all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own .
 May we, the little band of love,
 We sinners sav'd by grace,
 From glory unto glory chang'd,
 Behold thy lovely face.

Chorus.

A Saviour, let creation sing !
 A Saviour, let all heaven ring !
 He's God with us, we feel him ours ;
 His fulness in our souls he pours !
 'Tis almost done,
 'Tis almost o'er ;
 We're joining them who're gone before,
 We soon shall meet to part no more.

659 C. M.

HOW shall I my Saviour set forth ?
 How shall I his beauties declare ?
 O how shall I speak of his worth,
 Or what his chief dignities are ?

2 His angels can never express,
 Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace—
 No—this is a secret unknown.

- 3 In him all the fulness of God
Forever transcendently shines;
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.
- 4 Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 5 O sinners! believe and adore
This Saviour so rich to redeem:
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.
- 6 Come all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near while with terror you're tossed;
Obey, and your peace shall begin.
- 7 He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace—yea and more,
Here's glory eternal at last!

660 P. M.

REJOICE, O earth! the Lord is King!
To him your humble tribute bring,
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.

2 O may the saints of ev'ry name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.

3 We long to see the Christians join
In union sweet and love divine,
And glory through the churches shine,
And Gentiles crowding to the sign,
To give to Jesus glory.

4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice,
While praise their happy tongues employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.

5 A few more days of pain and woe,
A few more suff'ring scenes below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give to Jesus glory.

6 Then we shall part and weep no more,
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er;
Such shouts were never heard before.
And there we'll give him glory.

7 Then tears shall all be wip'd away,
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

Harp, 661 L. M. Page 288—9.

LOOK up you saints, direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse,
Who made the mighty universe.

2 He spake, and from the gloom of night
At once sprang up the cheering light;
Him discord heard, and at his word,
Beauty awoke and spoke the Lord.

662

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams have ev'n conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas,
And bad me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the presence of my God
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

666

Harp 233.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near,

2 The Lord he is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own:
His sheep, and we follow his call,

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and
song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious concordance pro-
long,
And bless his adorable name,

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand:
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

- O THOU in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call ;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all !
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with
thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love ?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread !
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they
see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 You daughters of Zion, declare have you
seen
The Star that on Israel shone ?
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone ?
- 5 This is my beloved ; his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around ;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the
vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 The roses of Sharon, the lillies that grow,
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence
glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That water the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles
shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high,
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels re-
joice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

665 C. M.

RISE, O my soul ! pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod ;
Ambitious view those holy men
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear;
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious
blood,
They conquer'd ev'ry foe ;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast giv'n,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heav'n.

666 L. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
 I have no home or stay with you ;
 I'll take the word and travel on,
 Till I a better world can view.

Farewell, farewell, farewell,
 My loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortals, care or bliss ;
 I leave you here and travel on,
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound in cords of love ;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That soon we all shall meet above.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
 You've struggled long and hard for heaven ;
 You've counted all things here but dross ;
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet await for you :
 Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
 Till Canaan's happy land you view.
 Fight on, fight on, fight on,
 The crown shall soon be given.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
 It grieves my heart to leave you here ;
 Eternal sorrows wait for you ;
 Oh turn and find salvation near.
 Oh turn, oh turn, oh turn,
 And find salvation near.

667

THERE is a glorious mansion,
 A happy home above,
 Beyond the starry regions,
 Built by the God we love ;

An everlasting temple,
 Where saint's array'd in white,
 Adore their great Redeemer,
 And dwell with him in light.

2 It is no world of trouble,
 The God of peace is there,
 He wipes away their sorrows,
 And banishes their care ;
 Their joys are still increasing,
 Their songs are ever new,
 They praise th' eternal Father
 And praise the Saviour too.

3 The weakest child in glory
 Outshines the radiant sun ;
 But who can speak the splendor,
 Of that eternal throne,
 Where Jesus sits exalted,
 In godlike majesty ?
 The elders fall before him,
 The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,
 Who stood at Pilate's bar,
 Contemn'd by haughty Herod,
 And by his men of war ?
 He seems a mighty conqu'ror,
 Who spoil'd the powers below,
 And ransom'd many captives
 From everlasting wo.

5 The hosts of saints around him
 Proclaim his work of grace ;
 The patriarchs and prophets,
 And all the godly race ;
 Who speak of fiery trials,
 And tortures on their way :
 They came from tribulation,
 To everlasting day.

Now with a holy transport,
 They tell their suff'ring o'er,
 Their tears and their temptations,
 And all the pains they bore ;
 They turn and bow to Jesus,
 Who gain'd their liberty ;
 Amid our fiercest dangers,
 Our lives are hid in thee.

7 Long time I was invited
 To gain that heavenly rest ;
 Grace made no hard condition,
 'Twas only to be bless'd ;
 But earth's bewitching pleasures
 Inclined me long to stay ;
 I sought her dreams and shadows,
 And joys that pass away.

8 But now the Lord has giv'n me,
 The better way to find ;
 To serve my great Creator,
 And leave my sins behind ;
 In guilt's seducing mazes
 I will no longer roam ;
 My soul belongs to Jesus,
 Who brings the ransom'd home.

9 And what shall be my journey,
 How long I'll stay below,
 Or what shall be my trials,
 Are not for me to know :
 In every day of trouble
 I'll raise my thoughts on high ;
 I'll think of the bright temple,
 And crowns above the sky.

668 6s and 5s.

THE glorious light of Zion
 Is spreading far and wide ;
 And sinners, lo ! are coming,
 Upon the gospel tide :

The standard of King Jesus,
 In glorious triumph flies ;
 And sinners crowd around it,
 With tears and sweet surprise.

2 The sufferings of the Saviour
 Upon the shameful tree,
 Arouse the distant nations
 To hail the jubilee.
 The great and glorious message,
 Shall fly this world around,
 Till every nation hear it,
 And all have mercy found.

3 O sinners be converted,
 And trust your gracious Lord ;
 No longer be deluded
 Or spurn his sacred word.
 Reform and seek his favor,
 God bids you ev'ry one ;
 In Christ behold your Saviour,
 And his beloved Son.

4 Arise, obey the gospel,
 And thus your souls shall be
 A monument of mercy,
 Through all eternity.
 He'll pardon you most freely,
 And every ill redress ;
 He'll grant you life and favor,
 And robes of righteousness.

5 Come, lay your sinful bodies
 Beneath the yielding wave—
 An emblem of the Saviour,
 When he lay in the grave
 Descend into the water,
 As humble converts do,
 And rise with Christ your master,
 To live to God anew.

6 O sinners, think what Jesus
 Has done for you and me;
 Behold his mangled body
 Upon the cursed tree.
 His pierced hands and bleeding side
 Now urge you all to-day,
 To turn and be converted
 From sin's destructive sway.

7 And now beloved brethren—
 Old soldiers of the cross,
 Who for the cause of Jesus
 Have counted all things loss,
 Come, pray for the young converts,
 That they may travel on;
 And meet us all in glory
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

8 Now give to Jesus glory,
 For his redeeming love;
 We'll tell the wondrous story
 In brighter worlds above;
 We'll shout aloud his praises,
 And join the heavenly song,
 With Moses, Job, and Daniel,
 And all the holy throng.

669 P. M.

O JESUS! the glory, the wonder and love,
 Of angels and glorify'd spirits above,
 And saints who behold thee not, yet dearly
 love,
 Rejoicing in hope of thy glory!
 Thou only and wholly art lovely and fair,
 Who robb'st not the Father with him to com-
 pare,
 The Father's own image glows in thee—
 shines there
 In visible bodily glory.
 Worthiness dwells in thee: excellent
 dignity,

Beauty and majesty ; glory environs thee ;
 Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands !

Wherever we view thee new glories arise,
 The man that's God's fellow, who rides on
 the skies,
 Made flesh, dwelt amongst us, brought God
 near our eyes,

In grace and truth showing his glory.
 Thou spak'st to existence the heav'ns and
 their hosts,
 The earth and its fulness, the seas and their
 coasts ;

Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts,
 To crown and adorn thee with glory ;

Worthiness dwells in thee ; excellent
 dignity,

Beauty and majesty ; glory environs thee ;
 Power, honor, dominion and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands !

Thy birth all divine, from the grave back
 again

Brought thee, King of Glory ! O Lamb that
 was slain ;

First born from the dead, crown'd with honor
 supreme,

Thy throne is established in glory.

There reign in thy glory, O thou great Ador'd,
 Till under thy feet, thy foes crush'd, be no
 more ;

Thy throne shall triumph over all things
 restor'd,

And eternity blaze with thy glory.

Worthiness dwells in thee ; excellent
 dignity,

Beauty and majesty ; glory environs thee ;
 Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands !

Harp 275.

670

*Anthem.**O Praise God in his Holiness.*

O PRAISE God in his holiness: Praise him in the firmament—in the firmament of his power: Praise him in his noble acts: Praise him in his noble acts: Praise him according to his excellent greatness: Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, in the sound of the trumpet: Praise him upon the lute; Praise him upon the lute and harp; Praise him in the cymbals, in the cymbals and dances: Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes: Let every thing that hath breath, that hath breath, praise the Lord—that hath breath, praise the Lord. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord.

Harp 272.

671

*Anthem.**"How lovely are thy dwellings."*

HOW lovely are thy dwellings, how lovely are thy dwellings; How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts! My soul doth long, my soul doth long, my soul doth long to enter thy courts. Blessed are they, blessed are they—are they who dwell in thy house, for they shall always praise thee, they shall always praise thee. How lovely are thy dwellings, how lovely are thy dwellings, how lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts.

Harp 280.

672

*Anthem.**"I will arise."*

I WILL arise, I will arise, will arise, and go to my Father; and will say unto him, Father, Father, I have sinned, have sinned against heav'n and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

FINIS.

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